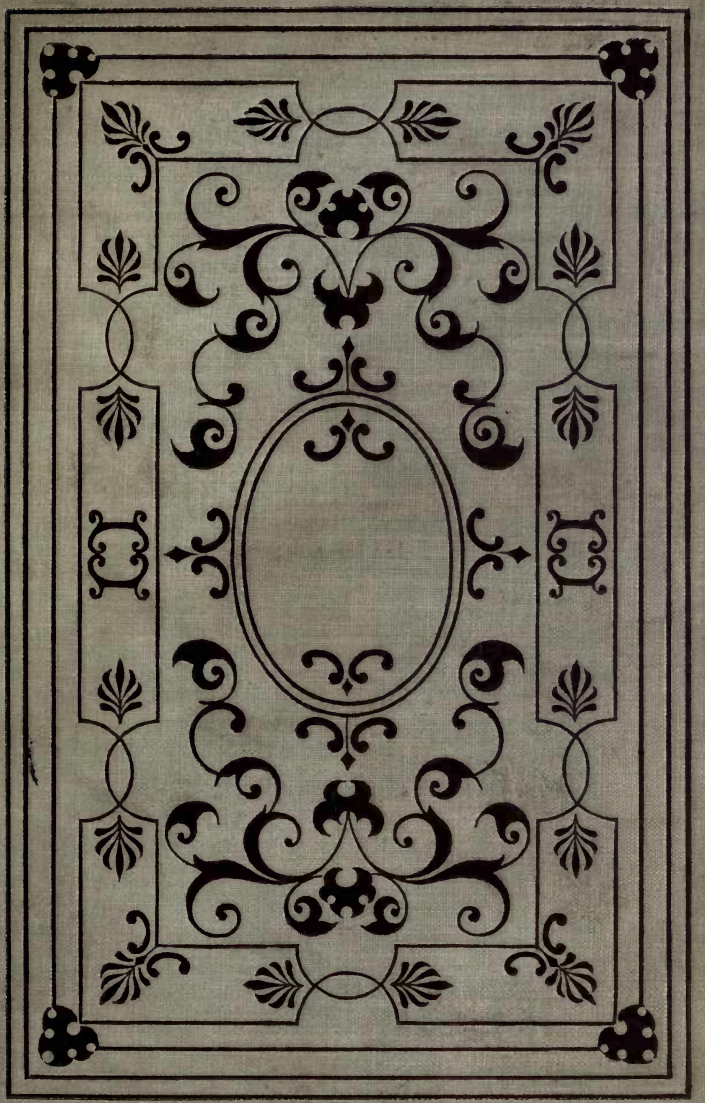

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C. K. OGDEN

The Travels of

Mathew Dudgeon, Gentleman.

A True Relation of the Travels and Perilous Adventures of Mathew Dudgeon, Gentleman:

Wherein is truly set down the Manner of his Taking, the Long Time of his Slavery in Algiers, and Means of his Delivery.

Written by Himself, and now for the first time printed.

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AM descended from a family of position, which has held from time immemorial a considerable estate in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth; and perhaps it was the accident of living so near to the sea that gave me a taste for seafaring life. Often have I wandered down as a child to where the old sea-dogs were sunning themselves with their pipes, and there have listened with all the strength of my little ears to their tales of the foreign countries they had seen, the wonders of the sea and land, the birds, the beasts, fishes, and monsters hardly to be described, and of their perils and adventures; some, I fear me, not strictly veracious, but none the less entertaining for all that.

Being a younger son of a younger son, I was bound to seek some profession; and it was only natural that when asked by an

indulgent father what I would choose to be, I answered him that I should like to be apprenticed to the sea. Now, my father had a brother, a Turkey merchant in London, married, but childless, and to him I was accordingly sent. He lived next to his office and warehouse in a commodious mansion situated in the Barbican, and, greatly to my disgust, I was kept to my desk at his office learning the business of a merchant, in order that I might take charge of some of his ventures as supercargo when sufficiently acquainted with the business, in place of going to sea at once and witnessing the marvels I had been told of by the old tars of the Hard. Of my early apprenticeship, however, it is not my intention to discourse here, and I will merely say that I made many voyages for my uncle both to the East and the West Indies, gaining much experience, going through many perilous adventures, twice being shipwrecked, and winning the esteem and confidence of my uncle by the skill and ability I showed in the conduct of his affairs. At the age of twenty-nine, I married a wife, and settled in a house at Southwark, and soon after my uncle died leaving me a large portion of his property together with his business. After my marriage I had settled at home, but after my uncle's death, when I became

for the first time master of myself, the old longing came over me, and laying out about two thousand pounds in goods that my experience had taught me were suitable, I embarked them in the Antelope, Captain Manwaring, who was an old friend of my uncle's, his ship then lying in the Thames bound for Smyrna, with several other merchants, and goods to great value on board. The parting with my wife was exceeding painful, as indeed it would be to any man of right feelings. My wife, poor creature, held up bravely until the last moment, though I knew that her heart was full of forebodings at the departure for so long a period of her dear husband; and the more so, since I had never yet left her; and the stories I had related to her of my previous voyages and perils had filled her soul with perhaps unnecessary alarm; but little Tom, our child, jumped and crowed in her arms, delighted at the confusion and bustle around. I kissed her, and bade her be of good cheer, but she only sobbed the louder until little Tom, struck by her sorrowful mien, paused in his merriment and gazed so wistfully in her face that she fell to kissing and hugging him, and forgot half her pain. Seizing this opportune moment, I motioned to the boatmen to cast off, at the same time swinging myself aboard the

vessel, and we parted before she could look up. The wind favoured us very much, blowing fair from the north, which was of service to us, both in getting out of the river, wherein the tide also helped us, and in sailing down the channel; but I went into my cabin, and thinking of my wife, her sorrow, and the many calm delights of my dear home, fell into a troubled sleep, wherein I dreamed that Tom was grown into a big man handsome as his father, and the delight of his aged parents. Nothing worthy of recounting occurred for the first week; the wind continued fair, having gone over somewhat to the west. Ever and anon we spoke homeward-bound ships. Ah, how my heart rebelled within me and a longing seized me to return! How at such times the picture of my poor wife sitting alone with her little son would fill my thoughts, and how a wondrous melancholy seized me: all this I will not relate, it would but tire the reader, and 'tis but a common feeling to those that depart for a long time from home. We put in at Porto where some of our merchants had goods to unload, and took the opportunity to get fresh victuals and water; and then setting sail again, in a day or two we had passed the mighty Rock of Gibraltar. But here the wind, which had hitherto been favourable,

was against us, and we made but slow way. It was the third day after we had passed Gibraltar that we saw a ship to windward of us, crowding all the sail she could carry. We began to misdoubt that she was an Algerian corsair, or piratical vessel, and our captain, swearing a great oath, ordered the helm to be put over, and the decks to be cleared and prepared for our defence. We had a long eight, and three four-pounders, with of course small arms; these were all loaded, and every man had his place appointed to him, while we watched anxiously betwixt hope and fear until we should be satisfied by their colours. Some imagined her to be French by the make of the ship, while others urged us to be of good cheer, for they knew her for a Dutchman from Hamborough. Our distrust, however, made us seek a Spanish port, till at last French colours came out, which we answered with our English ensign, and she fired a gun as a command to us to strike our sail. Our captain, however, who was well acquainted with such tricks of pirates, would not trust appearances, and now began an all-absorbing race, in which as we feared, the lives of some and the liberties of all were at stake. Unfortunately, it was yet early in the day, and we had no hope of darkness presently prevail-

ing to favour our escape if they should prove to be the faster sailers. For some time, indeed, the distance between us appeared to remain about the same, but it soon became apparent, notwithstanding our great desire to the contrary, that the stranger vessel was gaining upon us. At half a league's distance they discovered themselves to be Turks by hoisting of their bloody ensign, which they put up instead of the white, and we perceived a puff of smoke presently followed by the noise of a ball rushing over our heads. What a terrible sound was this! Many of the merchants fell to praying, and even I felt some inclination to duck my head as it came hurtling by. I observed a fellow who before had suffered from some disease in his legs and hands, much like unto the gout, which made him unserviceable all the time of the voyage, when he saw the danger he began to skip about, and handle the guns as if nothing had ever ailed him. Again came another shot which ploughed up the water close upon our starboard quarter, and yet another which cut our mainmast in two. With astounding quickness our men cut away the wreck, but, alas! we had lost all chance of escape, and about noon the pirate came up with us, saluting us as she did so with a broadside.

Upon this we turned about and bore down straight upon him, greatly to his astonishment as I afterwards found, causing him to fear that we were an armed vessel and not merely the peaceful trader he had taken us for. But what was the use of arms, or of mine and the crew's bravery? Fight we did, for above an hour, and it was furious and bloody while it lasted; some when their limbs were all bruised, their bones shattered, and their bodies torn by splinters, did obstinately continue to handle and manage the guns. Broadside after broadside they poured into us, the air was thick with smoke, and for the yells of these fiends and the roar of the cannon we could scarce hear the captain's orders. We had drawn together, and as a puff of wind blew the smoke aside for an instant we perceived some of the enemy lashing the two vessels together. In a moment they were down upon us, springing from the shrouds, pouring over the bows, leaping and vaulting like cats. Inch by inch we disputed their way, but at last perceiving that we had no hope of escaping from them, and that our vessel was in a sinking condition, we called for quarter, which the Turks were glad to grant, for they had lost many men; and moreover, they wished to take us for slavery and ransom.

One thing occurred during the fight which I did then look upon as of evil omen: at a broadside which we both fired at the same instant, one of their shot met one of ours in mid-air, and in the encounter split in two pieces, one of which flew back upon our captain and killed him. Truly it was a marvellous chance that he should thus be slain by one of his own shot!

Our vessel was in so evil a plight that the Turks quickly removed our cargo into their own; and when they saw the rich lading, they readily pardoned us the injury we had done them. Their prisoners were loaded with chains and also taken aboard their vessel, the dead and badly wounded were left on board ours, which was then sunk. In searching us for valuables, they found in my pocket a small case of instruments which I, who had some knowledge of surgery, usually carried by me; for in my former voyages I had found the necessity of this and had attended some lectures under the celebrated Dr. Harvey. Belike for this reason I was not fettered like the rest, but inasmuch as they were in want of a surgeon, I was set to heal those wounds I had been so anxious to make. We were as civilly treated by the Turks as we could expect, but they were very inquisitive to find our several conditions and what they

might hope to receive from us in the matter of ransom, either from the property we had in our own country or from the kindness of friends. I gave myself out for a poor supercargo in charge of goods for my master, a tale which they, poor fools, believed; at least, for that time. In my quality of surgeon they gave me plenty to do. I myself had a nasty cut upon the side of the head, but my wound was not a serious one: the ruffian's scimeter had glanced from my skull, which, luckily, is of good thickness; and beyond the blow, which somewhat dazed me at the time, I had merely lost blood, which in this climate is sometimes beneficial, so that despite the foul air and filthy state of the ship, I was soon in a fair way of recovery. I confess it did my heart good to see the number of Turks that had been laid low by our brave crew, besides many we had sent to their paradise if they could find it; nevertheless as surgeon I did my best for them. The Turks were mightily pleased with my address, and even he who wounded me swore, that if it were not that he hated doing a thing by halves, he was almost glad that he had not killed me. They agreed that I had a pretty talent for fighting, and some of them begged me to forswear my religion and become one of them. On the

one side they put before me the glory of their profession, the riches I might get, and the honour in which I should be held; on the other, they showed me how, if I would not become a renegado, I should be held in slavery, perhaps sent to the galleys, and, since I was a poor man, I could not hope to be ransomed. All this and more I steadfastly refused: how could I forsake the religion in which I had been brought up, and which I knew to be the true one, to become a follower of their false prophet Mahomet? And, moreover, I foresaw that if I fixed myself thus in their country, I should never dare to purchase my freedom as I hoped to do, and should have more difficulty in compassing my escape.

When they saw that I was determined, they ceased to importune me any more. I was, as I have said, left unfettered, nevertheless I was not allowed to communicate with my companions, save once in the day when I was permitted to dress their wounds; and thus shut out as it were from all my kind, I had the more leisure to think over my former estate and to curse that greed of riches that would not be satisfied with what I had got, but still would crave for more, as also that insatiable love of adventure that had brought me to this present pass. In bitterness of heart I would retire

to some quiet corner of the vessel and there con over the pleasant images of my past life. I would bethink me how I had first met that sweet girl that was to become my wife ; how I would visit her mother, and commend her cakes and ale—hypocrite that I was !—how I would relate my various adventures with that modest spirit which is so inseparable from me, and furtively watch the flush of surprise and pleasure that mantled in her innocent cheek. Nor did I fail to note how awkwardly she would arrange the things, desiring to gain time and linger in the room ; how ever and anon she would fetch her breath at some marvellous or hairbreadth escape, how her colour would come and go, her breast heave ; in short, how she would discover every mark of deep and tender sympathy. Again I would bethink me of that anxious time when she began to accompany her parents, a welcome guest, to the houses of the neighbouring gentry, the centre of an admiring circle. Yet still she used to blush when I appeared, and her face would brighten ; but withal, so blind was I, that in place of seeing and rejoicing in these marks of my success, I only saw the wretched cringing crowd of sparks about her, and paled with awful fear that her inexperienced heart might be carried off

by one of those experienced and faithless liars. With pictures such as these I well-nigh lashed myself at times to desperation, and had serious thoughts of casting myself headlong into the sea, and so ending my miserable life.

The pirates lingered about in these waters, sometimes avoiding ships that seemed of greater strength than themselves, at others chasing those that appeared to be mere traders. Several of these they took, though none of any great value, being mostly laden with oil, wine, wood, and such-like commodities of great bulk and little use to the Turks; but they got some Christian provisions, welcome enough to me that was not used to their diet of dried bread and a small bean called lentil, or rice and poor John, and a dish they greatly favour which they call pil-law. One day, however, they had the good luck to take a rich galleon laden with silver for the King of Spain, after a hard and desperate fight in which their ship received so great hurt that the pirate captain, satisfied with what he had already got, determined forthwith to return to Algiers. We had not sailed a few hours when we encountered a Spanish man-of-war that laboured to come up to speak with us; but the pirates had no

longer any stomach for fighting, and so, hoisting all the sail they could carry, they made away as fast as they could go. Seeing this, I stealthily made fast a cord to a great sail that lay bundled up at the poop, and as dusk was coming on dropped it overboard so as to drag and deaden our way, which played to some purpose; but greatly to my disappointment I observed when it grew dark that the Spaniard had lost sight of us, and saw by his lights that he was sailing away, not knowing that we had altered our course, for we showed no lights. Then finding that there was no hopes of our capture, and fearing that the sail might be seen in the water, I cut it adrift; for I knew that should I be found out, I should most certainly be slain, and perhaps tortured; though I was yet to learn how horribly they put to death those that do offend them.

The next morning we anchored in the Bay of Algiers, where some officers, of the Dey, or King of that country, came on board to take note of what prize we had gotten. Among these was a renegado, an Italian, that had amassed great wealth by his apostasy. This man was a trader in slaves, and knew well how to make his advantage: therefore taking us captives aside as though he would not be overheard

by the Turks, he pretended that his conscience smote him for having abjured the Christian faith, and held out hopes to us that he would attempt to escape to his own country, and rescue with him as many slaves as he was able. To this end he begged us to tell him of our conditions, and which among us had men of substance and worth among our friends, in order that he might communicate with them and so save them and assist the poorer sort to escape, whether by ransom or otherwise. There were some sixty of us, English, Spaniards, French, Italians, and a few Greeks, mostly of the poorer sort, and some of them were caught by his deceitful words; but I began to suspect him, and privately warned my countrymen, so that we all gave ourselves out for poor men and unable to provide a ransom, as unknowing of friends of worth. Whereupon he purchased all those who had told him of their wealth, and made their lot as slaves harder than the worst Turk would do in order to urge them the more to pay their ransome. Me too he suspected, but being in doubt, he would not bid a sufficient sum for me, and I therefore was taken ashore like the rest with a chain about my neck to be sold as if I were a horse or a dog. There was a vast crowd all

round the landing place; some brought there by their curiosity, others would-be buyers, and others again, the relations of those we had slain in fight, who strove to come near in order that they might wreak their vengeance upon us: and indeed, it had gone hard with us had not these wretches been driven back by our masters. Nevertheless, one among them made a slash at one of us that had chanced to slay his brother at the taking of our vessel, and sliced off a part of his cheek, which he snatched up and greedily ate, all bleeding and raw as it was, declaring that it was the sweetest morsel he had ever tasted. In this guise we were led up to the market-place, with nothing on us save a cloth about our middle, when several grave Turks examined us, as we are accustomed to examine horses in our country, and one that thought to make profit by my skill in surgery, which had been extolled to him, bought me for two hundred pieces of eight. In this way, for a time, I escaped the hard labour of my fellow-captives, for in place of being put to building, carrying of burdens, or to the galleys as were they, I was sent about the town curing such as were sick, in which I had indifferent success; but that not satisfying the greed of my master, he would have me work in his garden also.

In this garden were many slaves, among which was an Englishman, that may have been a proper youth at one time, with good features and pleasing countenance, but now all so sunken that he looked a poor pitiful creature enough. I spoke to him with kindness out of the abundance of my good nature, the which pleased him so much that he did whatsoever of my work that he was able for me, while I sat by and smoked; for though our work was hard, our meat poor, and our lodging not fit for beasts, yet the Turks cannot conceive that a man may live if he do not smoke, and therefore they supply their slaves with an inferior sort of tobacco, which is marvellously cheap in these regions. One evening, after the labour of the day was over, he appeared to be wondrously tired, for he was a weak creature that had hardly yet attained to manhood, and for that reason had been put to the lighter labour of the garden, I observed the tears rolling down his cheeks, and asked him whether perchance he was thinking of his home, and if he had any hopes of obtaining his ransom? 'My ransom,' he replied, 'I doubt much whether even if it were offered to me I would accept of it; nor do I know what it is still holds me to this hated life if it be not the misery that I am enduring. Hear

me,' he said, 'hear what it is that I suffer, and then say whether any man would care for life were he so wretched as I, and tormented as I am! To begin, then, I never knew a father, and my mother died while I was still so young that I have hardly any remembrance of her. Her brother, to whom she commended me on her dying bed, brought me to his wife, who, like a true woman, took pity on the helpless thing, and they bred me up as their son. About two years afterwards a daughter was born to them, and we grew up together as brother and sister, although we knew of the relationship between us. As brother and sister we loved each other and wandered hand in hand over the surrounding country, rejoicing together in the air and sunshine, watching together the habits of the birds and beasts, and making posies for each other of the wildflowers. Insensibly with my years my love for her changed, and I rejoiced that I was not really her brother and began to look forward to a closer and dearer tie. On her side, I doubt that her thoughts ever changed towards me, or that she ever thought of me otherwise than as of a brother. Afterwards, perhaps, when she too had learned what sorrow was, then she also, if she looked back, may have divined somewhat of the love which I had

so hopelessly cherished for her. For the present, indeed, it was sufficient for me to be near her, to see her, to breathe the atmosphere in which she dwelt. Can I ever forget the time when she, then scarcely sixteen, called me aside one day and spoke words of sisterly esteem and love. Ah! how I trembled, and would have fallen on my knees and told her then how I worshipped her, but the words seemed to dry up in my throat and I could not. I think I must have had a feeling of what was coming, and therefore it was that I could not speak; and I was glad afterwards that it was so. She told me that she loved the son of a gentleman in our neighbourhood, who was far above us in rank. Poor girl! She blushed and hesitated, pure soul that she was; and all her difficulty hurt me, for I could not bear to see her even in that pain. She told me that her parents had forbidden her to see him, and that she wished me to help her to disobey them. Alas! alas! I was to betray all that was dearest to me also. Yet I took her message to him, and I saw them meet. He gave me light words of thanks and put a tester in my hand, and I threw it on the ground and felt that I could have murdered him, but her image was between us, and I thought that he might make her happy.

She trusted that evil man and left the home of which she was the life. Would that I had murdered him! Could she but have known in that glamour of faith and love what sorrow she was bringing on her parents! I felt like a traitor to them, a snake that they had nursed in their bosoms; but they still continued to treat me with kindness though I had told them all, for they knew that I also had loved her. How carefully they tended everything that had been hers, as if they were persuaded that one day she might still return to them: her pet birds, and her little dog Hope, who would wander seeking for her all about the cottage and be pricking up his ears at every passing footstep. Often have I seen them pass on tiptoe by her room as though she slept there, and they were feared to wake her! Often, ah, how often! have I watched the tears roll down her mother's cheeks as she would sit in the ingle nook thinking of what might have been! I could not bear to leave them, and yet I could not bear to stop; until at last her silence determined me to set off in search for her. To this end I wandered through France, until one coming from Italy gave me to believe that she had died at a town called Perugia; and I was on my way thither when I was captured by these cor-

sairs. Now it seems indifferent to me whether I return or not; or whether my lot be life or death.' When he had finished, I clapped him on the back, and bade him be of good cheer, for if she were dead, she was dead, and there were quite as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. But, as I have already said, he was a weak creature, and perhaps 'twas as well that he lived not much longer, as I shall relate in due course.

I need not say that a man of my kidney could not brook, without indignation, this state of bondage, and that I was ever casting about for some means of escape—although I well knew that this could not be done without peril of my life. Yea, even to speak of it to my fellows in bondage was a matter of danger; for some, especially those of France and Italy, were so broken in spirit that they would confess a plot in order that they might win their master's grace, and bring their fellow captives to a horrid death by torture in order that they might gain a slight indulgence for themselves. I have seen some who were caught as they attempted to escape, punished in the most horrible of fashions: those who were too valuable as able bodied slaves to be done to death, were given a hundred blows on the back, and a hundred

blows on the belly, and then were sent into the galleys ; and, indeed, I think from my own later experience, that the manners of death I am about to relate are not so terrible as this. Others were executed in divers fashions: for some they threw from high rocks upon a company of sharp pointed stakes, planted below, in order that they might die torn and crushed ; one was spread with honey and exposed naked on the hot sands to the fury of the sun and the stings of venomous insects ; one again was done to death in a more horrid manner, for he was flayed while he was yet living, and his skin used to cover one of their drums ; while another had a stake thrust through his living body, and there, lifted on high in the midst of the town, he died soon after, more from the heat of the sun than from the agony of his wounds. But, methinks, the worst death was of one who in his rage cursed their prophet Mahomet ; for they poured down his throat boiling lead. He could utter no cry : for all his throat was instantly burnt away, and there was nought but a hideous soughing of steam to proclaim his torments. God preserve me from the like sights again ! Though I be not of a weak nature, such things make a man to think twice before he will attempt to escape and risk the like punishment !

Now, in my peregrinations as physician, I had been sent to a house which stood in a garden next to that of my master, in order that I might prescribe for one of the women therein. Think not, gentle reader, that I was allowed to cheer myself with a view of her fair countenance; for these followers of the devilish Mahomet, who drink no honest liquor but in secret, nor know any true religion, never suffer their women to be seen. When they go forth 'tis as a bundle of clothes with a veil over their features; nor, even when I was called upon to prescribe for their diseases, was I ever permitted to set eyes upon them. There they sat, behind a curtain, and the most I was permitted to do was to feel a pulse. I think now that my fair neighbour, for whom, as I have said, I was called upon to prescribe, did not suffer from ought, but had seen me through her meshrebeeyeh (which is a sort of Venetian window of small pieces of wood cunningly joined together, so that one may look through it from within, but may not be seen from without)—I say she may have seen me while I was at work in her neighbour's garden. But what a thrill ran through me as I took that fair small wrist! I think that I pressed her hand, nay, I would almost swear that I did, but my mind was so perturbed that

I cannot be sure, and I will not write what I do not know for certain to be true. I thought that I had offended her, for she quickly withdrew it, but she returned it again in a short space, and to my great wonder, as I withdrew, I found that she had pressed into my hand, for some sign, two small pieces of charcoal, a lump of salt, and a leaf. In great perplexity I returned to my quarters, cudgelling my brains to think what this might mean. That the women of the Turks cannot indite an epistle I knew, as, indeed, can few of the men. I therefore felt the more sure that these things conveyed some message, a message from one sympathising with me in my misfortunes! That was sweet, indeed, to one who had known nought but hardship, had seen nought but rudeness, and felt nought but blows since he had been in this accursed country. A message it surely was, but what? All night I lay awake thinking, until at last, in a flash, it became clear to me what she meant. The signs conveyed this :—'Two nights hence, meet me in the garden at the borders of the sea.' It could mean but that! The two lumps of charcoal stood for two nights hence, the lump of salt for the sea, and the leaf showed that she would meet me in the garden. Time seemed to move with

leaden steps, and for fear that I should mistake, I was there as soon as ever we were free to retire for rest from the labours of the day. As I left my lair among the sleeping slaves, the moon was rising in all her splendour as though she were a town on fire: everything was silent, but for the incessant barking of the dogs, the occasional cry of the owl, or the distant howls of the jackals quarrelling over the carcass of some dead camel beyond the ramparts. A fitful light could be seen on the distant mole; but there was nought else to illumine the deep shadows that the moon cast as she rose. The deep masses of blackness, broken by the outlines of feathery palms and the tall spires of the mosques, from which the muezzin calls these heathens to pray, was set off by the white gleaming roofs of the houses. All this I admired as I stole along and ensconced myself in some tall bushes in the garden by the sea shore. Presently I perceived two female figures stealing down to the place where I lay concealed, which I doubted not were my Reyya and a slave; and in another instant she was in my arms.

O Love, thou subtle teacher of all that is sweetest in knowledge; breaker of bolts and bars; thou for whom difficulties only exist in order that they may be

overcome; thou who suffusest the cheek with the blush of life, and makest the eyes more brilliant than the stars; giver of more than human subtlety, the only author of modesty, that chiefest charm of woman, and gallantry, the greatest virtue of man! By thy grace, although we were mutually ignorant of each other's language, yet were we enabled to understand each word the other uttered, words breathing fire, and love, and truth, and enduring affection! Sweet indeed were those moments, and bright enough to gild even a captive's chain! When I look back again upon that time, and see again in the shimmering light of the moon those drooping eyelashes that served but to render endurable to weak human nature the flashes of those coal-black eyes; flashes which otherwise would have consumed my innermost heart to dust! When I recall again that tender form melting in my enclasping arms, I feel again what it is to live, a dream of bliss lasting but a moment, yet not to be forgotten while still a breath is left in the decaying tenement on which devouring time has laid his palsied hand! But though I love to train back my thoughts to the memory of that time, to picture to myself its joys, and once again linger over its sweetness, yet is it tinged

with the memory of the bitterness that was to follow upon our delicious intercourse a bitterness too often inseparable, alas! from forbidden pleasures.

By the time that we had been tenderly enjoying each other's society in these stolen interviews for about the space of a month (for nearly every night Reyya used to come down to the garden attended by but one female slave) and when we had learned to converse in a sort of lingua franca, I began to open to her my thoughts of escape. We had continued so long in our peaceful interviews, and so pure was her heart, that she had begun to think that this was to be her life, and had ceased to project her mind beyond the present moment. When however she understood that I had thoughts of escape, her heart seemed to stand still, she clung to me as one distraught, for she was the only daughter of a tender father whom she greatly loved, and it at once became clear to her that the time was come when she must elect between me and him. What tears she shed! Now would she pray me to stay and be one of them; and anon she would dissolve in an agony of grief as she foresaw how impossible this would be, for though even I should apostatize, how could her father unite her to a slave! Never-

theless love to a stranger is ever greater than filial love, and so her mind was after no long time settled in my favour, though with heaviness and sorrow; she agreed to assist all she could in furthering my escape, for she could deny me nothing. Fervently did I embrace the dear creature at this crucial evidence of her great love for me, and straightway I proceeded to mature the plans necessary for my purpose.

There were eleven Englishmen among the slaves of the garden, including myself: six were seafaring men; one was a merchant from Bristol; one was an adventurer that had journeyed over nearly all Europe, offering his sword to the best paymaster; another was a young Cornishman of means, that had been travelling abroad to see foreign countries; while yet another was the youth whose story I have related. The seamen and the Cornishman I knew that I could trust: the former were blunt honest creatures that would brave the devil to obtain their freedom again, while the Cornishman was a gentleman of courage as I could see. But I somewhat mistrusted the soldier who cared not on whose side he fought; as also the merchant, whom I feared would prove to be fainthearted when it came to the pinch, and who, moreover, was an old man. The youth I could

trust; but he would be of but little use, and I therefore said nothing to him on the matter. Taking first the seamen aside one by one, I communicated my design to them, and they all, like brave men as they were, agreed to risk everything with me. One was a master-carpenter, and I found him afterwards of great value to my purpose. Now I had noticed an old boat laid up among the rocks on the sea shore at the bottom of the garden, almost worn out, that had last been used for carrying ballast in the harbour. This I hoped that we should be able to repair, but we still wanted for oars and sails, provisions and water. I told Reyya of our necessities, and with her woman's wit she supplied some of them in the following manner. Her father, who held some office in the fort at the foot of the mole, was wont to sail over the harbour to get there, thereby saving a long round by land. She feigned one day again to be unwell, and protested that she longed mightily to pass an evening on the sea; which her father agreed to, and with several rowers they put out and rowed along the coast. When they were gotten opposite to where our old boat lay, Reyya stood upright as if to gaze around her, and making as though she stumbled over the gear, which was a mast and sail

and two pairs of oars that lay at the bottom of the boat, fell straightway into a violent rage, nor would anything satisfy her but that the offending matter should be cast out, which her father consented to, knowing the spot, and intending to send for them later. I, however, who had been on the watch, instantly conveyed them to another place, and scraping a shallow trench in the sand, there buried them so that they could not be found by others. Reyya also, little by little, brought us dried bread, lentils, rice, and a small breaker for water, which I thought might be sufficient for us until we had gained a Christian coast or had been picked up by a passing ship. When all was ready, I fixed upon a moonless night towards the end of their fasting time, which they call Ramadan. In this time, which endures for forty days, they fast while the sun is up, only eating at night time; wherefore they are weak, and moreover are occupied in their houses in eating and smoking at night, and are therefore at that time the less likely to keep good ward; although even then they still have galleys kept in readiness, and the slaves sleep in their chains at the oars.

As the time approached for our attempt at escape, I observed a strange fear and restlessness in Reyya: now she wished us

to start at once, and anon she would implore me to put off our journey and to stay longer, but I would not listen to her in this. Nathless, I had reason to fear that the English slave, the soldier of fortune, had got wind of our affair; and once, indeed, made sure that I saw him spying; but when I examined about more narrowly I could find no trace of him. I therefore determined to pretend to take him into our confidence, and named a day upon which we would depart later than that upon which we had in truth fixed, so as to put him off the scent, and if he did betray us it should be in vain. In the first hour after sunset on the appointed day I took the youth aside and led him down to the boat where the rest were assembled, nor asking him whether he would choose to go, put him in. I looked around with anxiety for Reyya, but she was nowhere to be seen. With much perturbation of spirit I ran up into her garden, but she was not to be found there; and then hearing a commotion and running to and fro, I hurried down to the boat and gave the order to push off. Just as we did so, I heard the wails of women from her father's house that betokened one dead; and as my companions silently plied their muffled oars and we steered along under the

shadow of the shore, my heart was heavy and my mind filled with forebodings that the gentle Reyya was no more. Only long afterwards did I hear it said that she had been found with a dagger through her heart; but I never rightly came to know whether she did it with her own hand in the conflict of choice betwixt deserting her father or her lover, or whether she had been betrayed by the slave girl or the soldier slave, and had been slain by her father. 'Tis pitiful that this poor heathen creature was cut off in the flower of her youth and beauty to suffer those torments that the followers of the false prophet Mahomet foolishly believe we Christians are doomed to undergo. I would have saved her if I could, but much as I doubted of her fate, I had to put away all thought of her for the more pressing care of my own safety. We had hardly got the third of a league along the coast when we heard the boom of one of their great ordnance from the mole, we could see lights flitting about, and presently two galleys left the port. The savage yells of the Turks came floating over the calm water, and we heard even the thwack of the whips over the bare backs of the poor Christian slaves who were tugging at the unwieldy sweeps: but they went straight out to sea, which jus-

tified my foresight, and left us to creep along the shore as before for about four leagues, when as it began to be dawn, fearing to be spied from the land, and thinking that we had got a sufficient distance from the course of the galleys, we put out to sea. For the first part of the day we saw nothing, and began to have hopes that we had escaped the galleys and should make the coast of Spain, if we did not fall in with a Christian vessel before. But fortune was against us; for about the second watch, when we were resting somewhat from the labours of the night, we saw a galley making straight for us. Doubtlessly they had spied us from the masthead, and so seen us before we could see them. We rowed as hard as we could, but we were exhausted, when luckily a breeze sprang up, and hoisting our sail we made some way through the water. The wind came from the north-east, and I therefore headed our boat north, for I knew that with the wind three points on the beam, the galleys would be able to make but little way, and their oars would rather impede than assist them. They were already so near, however, that they would try their ordnance upon us; and though most of their shot fell wide or short, one, that was almost spent, struck the youth who had accompanied us, scattering his

brains all over the place; and what was worst, stove in our breaker, letting the water run out into the bottom of our boat, where it mingled with his blood. Had it not fallen on the breaker it would, I make no doubt, have stove a hole through the bottom, and we should all have been drowned or taken. With the rising wind we drew out of reach of their shot, but I would not allow the body to be thrown overboard yet, for we sailed much better with so much ballast. In vain did we look out for some sign of a Christian vessel; nothing was to be seen but the hateful galley, and our only hope was that we might keep ahead of it, at least while daylight lasted, so that we might escape under cover of the darkness of the night. The wind now veered round a bit to the east, so, tying the shot that had killed him to our dead comrade, we heaved him overboard, and sailing almost before the wind made, as nearly as I could guess, directly for Valencia. As the sun set, the galley was almost hull down in the offing, but the wind only held an hour longer and it then fell calm.

At dawn the galley was nowhere in sight, for we had changed our course, as soon as it grew dark, more to the westward, and the Turks most likely had been row-

ing all the time in the wrong direction. But there was still no wind, and we were all exhausted, insomuch that we could none of us row, but lay at the bottom of the boat and let her drift whithersoever she would. We had a sufficiency of meat, but no drink; and as the sun gained in power, we felt the want very sorely, but still no wind came. On the third day there was still no wind, and the sun seemed to be hotter than ever; our tongues swole in our mouths, we could hardly speak, and no one offered to row. Some would fain have lapped up what remained of the water at the bottom of the boat which had nearly all been sucked up by the sun, but the blood in it had putrefied and the stench was too horrible even for men parched as they were. One drank some sea-water, whereupon he grew even more thirsty, his tongue cracked and bled, and at last he went mad and jumped overboard, nor did anyone try to save him. I counselled those who had the strength to strip, and sink their bodies in the sea, while they hung on to the boat, and this somewhat refreshed them; but after a time a shark was sighted, and I promise you we quickly got into the boat again. Still we saw nothing, and by this time, so great were our sufferings, we should have welcomed even the Turks. Once, indeed, we

did see something black on the water, and hope rose high, for we thought that it might be a cask ; and even if it contained rum, or some such liquor, at least we hoped we might go out of the world drunk like gentlemen. One or two of us made a shift to move the oars, but as we drew nearer we saw to our horror that it was our dead comrade—the shot we had tied to his feet was not heavy enough to keep him under, and there he stood, as it were, up in the water black and swollen, with but a fragment of head, his arms waving to and fro in the lazy current.

After this we lay as dead, at the bottom of the boat, how long I know not, but it could not have been more than twelve hours, for another day's sun would have killed us outright ; and when we came to again, we found ourselves aboard a Turkish galley. Had they not picked us up, we had surely perished, yet it grieved us that we had not had the fortune to be picked up by a Christian vessel ; and some of us that before had prayed, now blasphemed their Maker that He had again cast them into slavery : and, in sooth, it was hard to bear when we had as it were already three parts escaped. The Turks treated us well until we had somewhat recovered our strength, for we were all strong men, and

valuable for slaves, though at present weak, seeing that we had been unable to eat owing to our great thirst. We were uncertain whether they knew us to be runaways from slavery at Algiers, for there was nothing about us or the boat to show whence we came. Many of the people about Calabria, Malta, and Sicily were attired as we were, and the boat differed in nought from the boats of those countries. We therefore agreed among ourselves to deceive them if we could, and to give ourselves out when questioned, as we presently were, for poor mariners from an English ship that had been blown out to sea while attempting to land at Palermo in a gale; and this story they appeared to believe, for I do not think that this was one of the same galleys that had come out to take us. We knew, nevertheless, that this would only save us until we returned to Algiers, where our master would know us again, as well as others that had seen us before; our only hope, therefore, was that we might yet be taken by a Christian vessel.

As soon as we had somewhat recovered, as I have said, we were chained to the oar with the other slaves; and though we had in our former slavery esteemed our lot to be a hard one, yet it was easy in comparison with our present state; nor is there any

torment in this world that approaches nearer to the pains of hell. Those deaths that I before have spoken of, though lingering and painful, yet release the sufferer after but a few hours' agony ; but this doth last as long as the slave lives : and some there are who have suffered thus for over ten years, though not many are so strong as to live so long. Chained to their benches by the oar, for the double reason that they may not rise upon their oppressors nor seek refuge in death by jumping overboard into the sea, there they remain night and day, until the vessel returns into port again, when sometimes they are taken on land while the vessel is laid up, and put to heavy work there. Their food is at best but bread and water, nor have they any covering to guard them from the scorching sun by day or nipping cold by night, save and alone a short pair of cotton breeches ; their heads are shaved, their visage disbarbed ; their filthy skin, scarred and broken, is pearled with bloody sweat. At the sound of the whistle, the whole three hundred of them must start up and row orderly and punctually and all together : a dolorous labour, at which many do split their hearts. From prow to poop there is nothing but execrations and passing of blows, the whip is never resting, and the bodies of the slaves

are stiff with congealed blood. Their repose, when they have any, is at the oar; the upright bench their pillow, not having so much room as to stretch their legs, and that only for an hour or two at night, the one half rowing while the other half slumber, so that their want of sleep is in itself a very ecstasy of torture. If chased by Christian galleys which might relieve them from their woes, then must they put forth all their strength to get away; and should any poor wretch by reason of his weakness faint, he is beaten until he be dead indeed. If again the Christian galley do come near within speaking distance of the cursed ordnance, then are they slaughtered by those who would release them: for being so many and so close together, more of the poor galley slaves are killed or maimed than of the devilish Turk. In all this dreadful cup of bitterness is only one drop of sweetness: for should a Turkish galley be overcome, they are made slaves upon the Christian galleys; and 'tis sweet indeed to see them tugging at the oar, beaten, cursed, and spat upon, starved if they will not eat hog's flesh, and given no drink if they will not first taste wine.

Not long after we had been picked up, our galley, joined with six others which were assembled at a rendezvous agreed

before, near to Tunis, where, having tallowed our vessels, with all celerity we set forth on a great expedition of destruction for the Italian shores. We soon descried four Christian galleys which nimbly got from us, and giving warning to the coast, we found everywhere the people had fled inland, driving their cattle before them and leaving their crops and houses and impotent or aged people to our mercy. We landed a party at Ocootra, a city of Calabria, who destroyed everything that they came across, leaving nothing behind them but wasted vineyards, burnt crops, and ruined houses; and this we did at divers other places, insomuch that it was disliked of by some of the graver Turks themselves. In this way we came at length to Naples, where there is a mighty burning mountain, or volcano as it is called, which some wise men say is hollow within, and through which is a passage to the depths of hell: for there the groans of the damned are plainly to be heard. Here the people, as soon as they had notice of our coming, were in great fear: some of their ships of war which lay in the port were deserted of their men, who all ran ashore, and we took and set fire to them. The castle fired upon us, but their shot were so ill directed that they did us no damage; and the

Turks laughing at them passed on, everywhere getting information from Christian spies of the richest and weakest places to attack. And, indeed, it is lamentable to see how ready the Christians are to discover their most hidden secrets to these, their greatest scourges, though it be to the ruin of their own country. I have known three of them who, casting off all grace, have piloted the Turks to the place where they were born, and have been instruments in the captivating of their own fathers and mothers and all their kin, afterwards turning renegadoes and receiving their part of the price for which their parents were sold in the market. One of these piloted our fleet to a small place called Quirico, which lies a little south of Leghorn, whence most of the people who were able fled with all that they could hastily take with them when they saw the Turks landing, who, nevertheless, brought away 215 persons, besides having slain many that were too old or that had offended them. Of these one was the Bishop of San Miniato that chanced to be there at the time, thirty-one were nuns, and the remainder were women and children and a few brave men that had stayed to defend the place. What weeping and wailing there was among these, and how the men wished that they had all slain each

other rather than allow themselves to be taken. They were all divided among the different galleys, and among those that were brought on board ours I noticed a girl aged about seventeen or eighteen years, so beautiful that our rais or captain designed her as a present to the Dey himself. She was accordingly treated with honour by them, and allowed more freedom than the rest. Now, as this was the first place that had offered any serious resistance, so was it the first fight in which we had many wounded; and I, wishing to soften my hard lot and gain a little respite from my intolerable labours, offered to bind their wounds, which they allowed of; and when they saw that I did it as one that had knowledge, they released me from my heaviest chains, and I was appointed assistant chirurgeon to a renegade that held the chief office. Whether it was that my face inspired confidence, or whether, knowing that I was no renegade, this fair creature had the more hope from me, I know not; but one evening when it was already dark, I heard a gentle 'hist' in my ear. I started, and a fair hand on my shoulder motioned me not to move. 'I am one of the captives,' said the voice; 'she, alas! who is destined to worse than slavery; art thou willing to assist me?' She spoke in Italian, a lan-

guage which I read before I had left England, and which I had talked to some of the other captives; I could therefore answer her in her own tongue, and assured her that any man who had once seen her would willingly die in her service. 'A truce to compliments,' she answered, 'but listen to my story, and you will then see whether it is possible to assist me.' With many sighs she then related her story as follows.

THE STORY OF GABRIELLA DI CAPELLINI

MY name is Gabriella, and I belong to the princely house of the Capellini who hold vast possessions in the neighbourhood of Siena. My father is a distinguished general in the service of the Duke of Florence, and in the winter time, when there is little stirring, we inhabited one of the finest palazzos in Florence. I am an only child, and consequently a great heiress ; for which reason, and also on account of the high position of my father, you may readily imagine that we did not want for the best society that the town could afford. In the division of troops commanded by my father was an old officer whom he greatly respected for his prudence, courage, and military capacity, whose name was Girolamo dei Stracci, of the noble family of that name ; but who belonging to the

younger branch, had nothing but a small farm which barely served to supply his wife and only son with sufficient polenta for their daily food, and an occasional piece of goatsflesh for feast days. One day he begged permission from my father to place his son among his pages, saying that he wished to bring him up to be at least a gentleman, if a poor one; and that, though he had trained him as well as he was able, yet his frequent absences, and the difficulty of finding proper companions for him, made him unwilling to let him remain any longer on his farm, and he would esteem it a favour if he would allow him to be placed among his retinue where he would meet with companions who were his equals in rank, and learn all that was necessary for a gentleman and a soldier, until he was old enough to join him with the army. This my father very readily accorded; the young gentleman was enrolled among his pages; and not long afterwards his father died, leaving him but his farm, his sword, and an untarnished name.

Baptisto dei Stracci at this time was only eighteen or nineteen years of age; notwithstanding which, it was difficult to say whether nature had been more bountiful to him in body or in mind. He was tall, slight in figure, as was natural at his

age, though well made, and with strikingly handsome and noble features. I would liken him to an Apollo, but I have never seen any cold and lifeless statue so beautiful as he. Added to this, he had so just an understanding, such charm of manner, such perfect courtesy, and spoke so well on every subject under the sun, that he soon became a favourite among his companions and arbiter in all their disputes. Moreover he attracted my father's notice by his skill in the use of arms and management of the great horse, which, indeed, he sat like a god, and seemed to make obey his every desire merely by the pressure of his knee. Soon after being taken to the wars, he showed such proofs of courage, combined with a certain amount of prudence, as was very unusual in one of his age.

It is not to be supposed that a youth so favoured should escape the notice of my sex; but though he showed the greatest gratitude for all the favours they did him, his would-be adorers found always an impassable barrier to any tender advances: and yet, so courteous and charming was he withal, even in his coldness, that he never made an enemy. The state with which I was surrounded, and semi-seclusion in which all the upper classes of Italian women

are kept, so unlike, as I am given to understand, to the way in which your countrywomen are brought up, prevented me from seeing any of the pages excepting at a distance, but I should have been more than human; let alone more than a daughter of Eve, had I not noticed and unconsciously liked the face of Baptisto dei Stracci. Perhaps I should have thought no more about him, but my father was never tired of praising him, comparing him with the other pages, recalling his father's memory, and predicting a brilliant future for him. How can I be blamed, therefore, for allowing my thoughts sometimes to dwell upon this paragon; watching him to see if I could detect any of those virtues; and detecting, ah! how quickly, his eyes fixed on me in respectful admiration almost as often as I lifted my eyes to his. My interest once aroused, I could not fail to note how every one spoke well of him: how one would extol his bravery, another his courtesy, and another his good looks. I now listened to, and indeed, encouraged my tiring women when they spoke in his praise, and I felt I know not what secret joy when they complained of his coldness to all womenkind. It was his sole fault, from what I gathered, and it made me look all the more curiously upon him. I thought he

did not look cold; nay, once or twice I caught his eye so ardently fixed upon me that he almost made me afraid. But I was soon to resolve the riddle: for one evening when all the inmates of the palace had retired to rest, feeling sleepless, I opened the casement and gazed out upon the garden. It looked so quiet and peaceful in the brilliant moonshine, the quaint forms of the trees cut into all sorts of shapes were clearly shown, the birds and beasts and allegorical monsters. I fancied them conversing with each other until my senses became confused and I dropped asleep with my head resting upon my hands. I could not have slept long, however, before I was awakened by some low and sweet sounds as of a mandoline or some such instrument. It was a sad air, the strings seemed to weep and sigh, but presently combining in a more measured strain they were accompanied by a pleasant voice that sang the following :—

Unlock those eyelids, and look out on me,
And give me courage to confess,
That more than words can tell I do love thee,
My sweet mistress.
    Ah no,
    Not so,
Thou wilt not give me e'en a look, and I
    Can only die.

Didst thou look forth, the shining moon would
fade,
And every star pale out of sight ;
Thy glorious beams would drive away night's
shade :
Than suns more bright !
Ah no,
Not so,
Thou wilt not gild me with a look, and I
Can only die.

The sun on all impartially doth shine,
Be they of low or high degree ;
Wilt thou not then from thy great height incline
Thy heart to me ?
Ah no,
Not so,
Too high, I fear, I've dared to look, and I
Can only die.

'Tis said the wind, e'en though it hath no heart,
Is tempered to the lamb that's shorn ;
And thou wilt not, that all sweet kindness art,
Hold me in scorn.
Ah no,
Not so,
Thou wouldst not be unkind to me, or I
Would surely die.

The angry billows in their dreadful ire
Do not all trusting them devour ;
And thou wouldst not one tear from me desire
To prove thy power.
Ah no,
Not so,
For if thou didst but frown upon me, I
Must straightway die.

O Love ! who art all-powerful, I implore
Thee shoot one arrow in her heart !
Yet let it not prove painful to her or
Cause too great smart !
Ah no,
Not so,
For if it hurt her any whit, then I
For dole must die !

Merely to repeat the words to you can give but a faint idea of the sweetness of the music and the pathos of the voice. I thought that I recognised it, but I could not be sure, for I had never heard Baptisto sing. Could it be he? Whom could it be meant for? And though I thought of all my women one by one, yet none lodged anywhere near upon that side of the palace, nor would any seem to fit to the song. I was tormented as to the meaning and in doubt as to the singer, for though I cautiously looked all around I could see no one. I closed my casement and retired to my couch, but not to sleep, and soon I found my pillow grow wet with tears. In the morning I sallied forth in my mask with my governess and a retinue of servants to take the air ; and as I was passing through the great courtyard there were, as usual, numbers of my father's retainers scattered about, some polishing their arms, some lying lazily in the sun, some talking or playing at cards or dice. I caught the sound

of a mandoline: it was the strain I had heard the night before, and looking furtively round I saw Baptisto, who immediately changed the melody as I went out, to a wild plaintive air full of sadness. I cannot describe what my thoughts were at this discovery. Two things were certain: first that the singer of last night was none other than I had suspected; and secondly, that if it was intended for the ears of anyone, it was intended for mine. No other woman was with me then but my governess. Was I intended to hear it? If not, why did he repeat the air again as I passed by? Forsooth it may have been chance, nevertheless the allusion in the song to the difference of rank convinced me that he could mean no other than myself. I felt pleased and flattered, and the more I thought over it, as I could not help thinking, and considered that I, I to whom he had hardly spoken a word, was the object of his adoration, that I had conquered the unconquerable, my heart swelled with pride and delight, and I forgot for the time that difference in degree between us. Whether it was that I hoped to hear that sweet voice again, or that my thoughts were in too great a turmoil, when night came I found it impossible to sleep. I again opened my casement and looked out, wondering if, and

(shall I confess it ?) wishing that he would come again. Nor was I disappointed, for hardly had I been there for a few moments when, as if he had been awaiting me, I heard the notes of the mandoline, and after a short prelude he sang the following song, into which he put a depth of feeling no words of mine can express :

Oh give me back my heart again,
The heart that thou didst steal from me :
Oh, let me not beseech in vain !
I would not be so cruel to thee.

When I first saw thy face, 'twas as
The sun shone forth from leaden skies :
I looked, I loved, and now, alas !
I cannot breathe for choking sighs.

Before I saw thee, I was gay
And free and blithe and debonnaire ;
But thou didst steal my heart away,
And now dost leave me to despair.

Oh, can a form divinely rare ;
As thine, enclose a heart of stone ?
It cannot be that one so fair
Unmoved can listen to my moan !

Thine eyes are grey, and like unto
The colour that in steel we see ;
Oh, they're not hard as steel, but true
As steel, and they will melt for me !

Thy brow is like a marble shrine
That thy sweet mind within doth guard ;
Oh, let that mind to me incline,
And not be like to marble hard !

About thy head, thy golden hair
A saintly aureole is ; oh, bless
With a kind word thy worshipper,
And leave him not in his distress !

Thy cheeks are soft, and red and white,
And blush with every virgin thought ;
To blush a greeting at the sight
Of me, oh let them then be taught !

Thy ruddy lips harmoniously
Are tuned alone to speak what's truth ;
Oh, let the words they utter be :
Upon thy misery I have ruth !

Oh, give me back my heart again !
Or, since that it is from me fled,
I will not have it back ; oh, deign
To give me thy heart in its stead !

As he sung, I listened as one entranced, and sighed deeply as he finished. Perhaps he heard me, perhaps he was over bold, but in a minute he was on the balcony at my feet, having climbed up a cypress tree that grew close by. I would have scolded and driven him away, but my agitation was so great that no words were at my command, and before I could control myself he had poured out his soul before me and I had confessed my love. The hours seemed to fly as minutes, and it seemed as though we had had hardly time to say a word before the dawn came on apace. I begged him to leave me, and with great

reluctance he went, but not before he had ravished a kiss. A kiss! He had ravished my whole soul! and I knew that I should never more know what peace of mind was while he, my lord, my God almost, was absent. What was this that had come over me? I seemed to be another being; to be born again with new aims and a forgotten past. I lived in the future, I was a woman, and my girlish years seemed to fade away in the remote distance as if they had been but a dry and insipid dream. How I recalled every gesture and every tone! How I dwelt upon them, and turned them in every light! Once, for a moment, I looked into the future, and saw an angry father who cast me out from him; yet life seemed to me so lovely that I could not believe it, but took back my thoughts to the sweet moments that had passed all too quickly. The next day I saw nothing of my love. The day passed more slowly than I could have believed possible, and I almost thought that another Joshua had commanded the sun to stand still. I could scarcely contain myself as night fell; and pleading a migraine, I retired early, dismissed my women as soon as I decently could, and anxiously awaited Baptisto. Another night was passed in delicious converse with him, and at last we began

to talk about our future, when he told me that he was bound in honour to tell my father of our love, and to ask his permission to win my hand: nevertheless, we both of us felt that this was tantamount to separation for ever, and our hearts were heavy. How unlike the ecstasy of the night before! As we took leave of each other, and felt, too surely, that we had taken leave for long, perhaps for years, we renewed our vows of unalterable affection, come what might. The next day Baptisto sought an interview with my father, which was readily accorded, for he always saw him with pleasure. On other occasions he had modestly tendered suggestions on military matters, and my father, who had no pride on such a subject, had always found his remarks so sensible and so obviously advantageous, that his more mature experience had seldom prevented him from entertaining them. On this occasion he was to receive a cruel wound, for he loved Baptisto as a son, both for his own and for his father's sake, and yet you know how great is the pride of us Italians in everything that concerns our family: how their dearest passions are sacrificed to their pride of race, and how they would rather condemn themselves to lifelong misery than allow people for whom they care

nought to be able to say that their blood has been defiled by a mismarriage. My father could scarcely hear Baptisto out with patience; the idea of an alliance with a house so long impoverished and forgotten was insupportable to him; and he told Baptisto to think no more about it, that he would overlook his presumption in consideration of his friendship towards him, his youth, and the noble house from which he was descended; but that he was to give him his word of honour to forget all about me, otherwise he would have to dismiss him from his service and never see him more. My noble Baptisto in all humbleness acknowledged the difference in rank and riches, and the great kindness that my father had always shown to him; and falling on his knee, said that the great obligations that my father had put him under were almost more than a father would have done for a son. 'But,' he added, 'love is stronger than man, I love your daughter, and I have reason to believe that she returns my affection. Could I have known that I was drifting into love, and that the feeling I felt growing upon me was something different from increasing respect and gratitude for you reflected in one that belonged to you, that respect would have induced me to fly

from temptation and to leave you; but, alas, to see your daughter is to love her, and once in love all volition is gone. I loved her, and even then I did not realise that love would demand a closer relationship than respectful admiration. Now, indeed, I am wiser, but I cannot renounce my love, and though my birth is not unworthy of the highest in the land, yet I feel that I have abused the hospitality that you have extended to me; kill me therefore, for I cannot live without her!' Then, baring his breast, he presented his sword, saying that death at his hands would be more merciful than expulsion. My father was softened at this, and after a moment or two of silence spoke as follows: 'You are a man of honour, and I grieve right truly that it is impossible for me to give you my daughter. I tell thee, Baptisto, that there is no one that I would rather have as a son than thou, and I had hoped to be able to supply the loss of thy father to thee. Since, however, thy dream cannot be fulfilled, thou must leave me. I will give thee letters for the Duke of Milan, with whom thou mayest take service; once there, thou wilt see many fair women of thy own degree, and thou wilt forget my daughter. When she is married, return to me, and we will be as before.' Poor

Baptisto seized his hand and kissing it with the tears running down his cheeks said that he would go since he had no choice, but that he was sure that he would never love anybody else ; and my father, more moved than he cared to show, dismissed him.

Baptisto did not seek another interview with me, but wrote a general account of what had passed between him and my father ; his letter concluded as follows : 'Farewell, I can never love anyone but thee. I wish thee happiness. Whatever be my fate, as long as we both live, I will watch over thee.' I had expected an end of this kind to my short dream of happiness. And yet the blow was very hard to bear. In your country, perchance, a lady would have written to her cavalier : for I understand that there they choose for themselves, and, unless they are heiresses, marry whom they please. Happy country! But I felt that that was not for me to do, and I verily believe that Baptisto himself would not have been pleased had I done so. As for my father, he said little to me : he blamed me for my want of pride in loving Baptisto, but said nothing more until one terrible day he informed me that Prince Mazzapiglio had formally asked for my hand in marriage, and had been accepted ; and that

he would that day appear to pay his respects to me. I retired to my apartment as soon as I was permitted, in a very whirl of grief and confusion, no thought would stay a moment together in my brain, and I could not frame any course of conduct. The prince, Baptisto, marriage, and a thousand other thoughts, mingled with ideas of a nunnery or death, chased each other through my mind until I thought that I was going mad. I began a letter to Baptisto, but I could not write coherently, nor did I know where to find him. I sat there, apparently in a stupor, until I was summoned to meet the prince, and I was thankful when I entered the saloon that he was not yet there. He was soon announced, however, and I just managed to rise and make my courtesy, and note that he was a man old enough to be my father, when I lost consciousness and fell on the floor, the blood gushing out of my mouth and nostrils. There was great confusion, and I was carried to my chamber; a physician was summoned, who ordained that I should keep my bed, and warned my parents that they were not to talk to me of marriage at the present; for if I were to break another bloodvessel, I should certainly die. Upon this my parents treated me with the utmost tenderness, and nothing more was said in

my hearing of Prince Mazzapiglio, so that after I had kept my bed for the space of about a fortnight and commenced to mend, I began to hope that all that it seemed to me that I had experienced in the last few days was but a dream of an evil spirit. I soon became convalescent, and was permitted for the first time since my seizure to walk in the garden of the palace. My governess was but a few steps before me, talking to my waiting woman, who was the only other person with me, when suddenly the bushes parted at my side, and a boy appeared who, laying his finger on his lips, thrust a note into my hand, and without a sound vanished. So weak was I that I was startled and gave a scream, and my governess and woman turning back, just caught me as I swooned. Fortunately, however, my hand unconsciously closed upon the note, and when I had collected my thoughts, I hid it in my bosom, so that they did not perceive it. Then, with the fair excuse that I did not feel strong enough to remain out any longer, I got back to my apartments, and dismissing the women, tore open the letter, which was, as my heart had told me, from my dear Baptisto. In it he informed me that he had heard of my promised marriage with the Prince Mazzapiglio, who, since he was in high

favour at court, and immensely wealthy, might, from a worldly point of view, be considered a far more desirable husband for me than he could be himself. 'I need not tell you,' he went on, 'the agonies that I suffered, but I would not seem to influence you; for I would rather see you happy in a father's love and well to do in the world, than dragged down to poverty by me with your father's curse upon us both. But when I heard (for I take care to learn all that goes on), when I heard how grievously you took it, I wrote to your father, saying that I could no longer remain quiet, and that since I was now convinced that your happiness was bound up with mine, I would henceforward do all in my power to make you my wife. I will not write, even to you, where I am, lest this missive fall into the wrong hands, and I should be seized at the instance of your father; but rest assured that I am always near you.' My joy at receiving this from my dear Baptisto was more than I can tell you; for besides the pleasure of hearing from him, I now felt that he was actively engaged in watching over me, and would not give me up to the hateful prince. The roses returned to my cheeks, my strength waxed, insomuch that in a few days my parents again began cautiously to speak to me about the mar-

riage ; and seeing that the talk did not affect me so much as before, they were persuaded that I had overcome my former repugnance, or that at least I had become reconciled to my fate. Although the prince did not yet himself venture to see me, yet scarce a day passed without some reminder from him, such as magnificent jewels and posies, and he even ventured to send me verses. Many of the latter I recognised as old friends ; for he doubtlessly thought that I was as ignorant as most of us girls are, and knew not, and still less cared, that besides reading the best authors of my own country, I was mistress of the Latin and French tongues, and had read some of our ancient literature as well as some of the French poets. Some he may have composed himself, or at least have had composed for him ; and I will give you an example which is perhaps better than most of his pieces, though it is hardly likely to please a young girl, or to displace a favoured lover :

Why would thy May not wed with my September?
Is it my head is silver-streaked with time?
Though I be near my Autumn, yet remember
A woman's Autumn falleth in man's prime.

Youth hath its charms to take a maiden's fancy :
There's naught behind it, it is all outside,
'Tis but appearance, subtle necromancy,
A mirror picture that may not abide.

In youth thou never shalt find constancy :
A day he'll love thee, ever after hate ;
He'll sip thy nectar, like a butterfly,
And then he'll leave thee, all disconsolate.

Contemn not Autumn, it is calm and fair,
Not hot and stormy as your Summers be ;
No fickleness or jealousy is there,
But loving peace and gentle constancy.

Do not by glozing youth deceived be :
He'll be thy master, thou his servitor ;
But give thy sweet and tender heart to me,
That will it keep and cherish evermore !

All this, I say, I made a shift to endure, since I heard nearly every week from Baptisto. I found that he had gained over my governess, which was a great solace to me, for I longed for some sympathising heart to whom I might unbosom myself and through her he sent his letters to me by divers emissaries. My father somewhat suspected our correspondence, and many straits were we put to to conceal it. Once, a boy bringing a letter, perceived some of my father's servants coming up, and suspecting that they were going to search him, casting about to conceal it, hastily entered a blacksmith's shop that was hard by, where he thrust the letter into the flames. The servants entered and searched him, but finding nothing, were obliged to let him go ; and

then seeing the smith fall to laughter, in answer to their questions he told them that if they sought for a paper they might find the ashes if they wanted them. An other time that an old serving-man in like case was bringing me a letter, seeing himself followed, he picked up a stone, and wrapping the letter round it, threw it far into the Arno. The servants took him, and carried him before my father, but to all his questions he would answer him nothing. My father threatened him that he should be whipped, but still he would not confess ; until my father, struck by the faithfulness of the fellow, offered him high wages to take service with him. But the man only said that though his master was too poor to give him anything, yet would he serve him as long as he lived. At length, seeing that he could not stop this correspondence, and fearing that I should continue to refuse the prince's hand if I had the comfort of the letters and sympathy of Baptisto, my father determined to send me to the convent of Santa Barbara, of which a sister of his was the Superior.

This convent had been founded by one of our ancestresses, mainly as a sort of refuge for the females of our family whom it might not be convenient to dower ; and

Tomasina di Capellini, being the least handsome of my father's two sisters, was placed in the convent when she was only ten years old, and had been forced to take the veil when she was eighteen, Although she heard news of what was doing in our society and family, for my father sometimes visited her, she knew nothing of the world and its ways; she had been brought up without a mother's love, amidst a set of women, all of noble families, indeed, but all outcasts. Some, like herself, had never seen the world; others had lived a family life, but on their husbands' death had retired here; others, again, had sinned, and either by force or of their own will had taken the veil. It is not amazing, therefore, that my aunt took a jaundiced view of the world, and had little sympathy with the softer side of human nature. The holy Mother Ursula, for that was my aunt's name in religion, received me with coldness; and the next day, sending for me, she held forth in a long discourse upon the sin of opposing the will of our parents, and finally said that it was my father's desire that I should remain there until I had vanquished my obstinacy and had acquired a proper frame of mind. Should I not consent, she continued, to give my hand to Prince Mazzapiglio within a

reasonable time, I was to take the veil and stay there for ever, for in that case my father would have nothing more to say to me. I was thunderstruck. I had hoped that if I had the strength to hold out against him in this my hour of trial, my father, who I knew loved me, would give way; but I knew not the force of that feeling which is derived from a long line of ancestors. I wrote him a passionate letter of entreaty, assuring him of my love, reminding him that I had never disobeyed him before, and begging him to have pity on me. I promised him that if he would not force me to marry where I could not give my heart, I would never marry without his consent; and finished a long epistle with these words :—'If you deny me my prayer, if you still insist upon my marriage with the prince, it would be easier for me to take the veil and to end my days here, for I am persuaded that this prison will not hold me long, and I shall not have much more to suffer before I am relieved by death.' In a short time my aunt Ursula sent for me again, and informed me that my father was much grieved at my stubbornness, and that he requested me to hold no further communication with him until I could say that I was ready to obey him. In deep despair I retired to

my cell, thinking of Baptisto, for I doubted much whether he knew where I was, so suddenly and so secretly had I been sent away. But even if he did know, what, indeed, could he do? Could he unbolt these locks, or lull to sleep the vigilance of the nuns, when it was impossible even to communicate with me? I wept bitterly, and as day after day passed in the same unvarying monotony, all hope seemed to die away, I grew listless and subdued, I seemed to have no soul. What could it matter, I found myself thinking, what could it matter whom I married? I could never be happy any more, and at least I could please my parents if I consented to their choice.

Here she broke off, saying that it was now late, and she dared not stay any longer, lest she be noticed. But, she added, come to this spot to-morrow night and I will continue my sad story. I assured the lady of my devotion, and took leave of her; and the next evening was ready betimes, for her story interested me much, and moved me even, in parts.

Attached to the convent, she resumed, and surrounded by its walls, was a large garden in which the sisters took the air, and also, when they felt so inclined, did a little gardening. But the real work was

done by an old man, who as he became aged, had asked and obtained leave to have the assistance of his son, a young boy, who getting older in due course was dismissed, and a succession of boys took his place. I was too listless and too miserable to do any work in the garden, which perhaps, would have been better for me than my continual brooding. But I used to walk in it, though always accompanied by a sister; for they had, as it seems, taken notice of my increasing melancholy, and feared that I might either make some desperate effort to escape or perchance attempt my own life. Upon one of these occasions I had my attention attracted for a moment by hearing the sister say to the gardener, 'You have a new boy; why did you dismiss the last? He was not old, and moreover, it seems to me that your new one is somewhat older.' The gardener replied that the other boy was not dismissed, but that he was on a visit to some relatives, and the new boy was only taking his work during his absence; and then we passed on. This boy was busy at the time in pruning some vines by the side of the walk, and, as I passed by, methought that I heard him whisper the word 'Baptisto.' Instantly I turned my head towards him, for we had already passed, whereupon he made a sign which

showed me he had something to say. As we came round again, I brushed past him as close as I could, and with great dexterity he slipped a note into my hand. If I had not had leisure after I had passed him the first time to compose myself as I walked round the garden, my agitation might have betrayed me; but as it was, I was prepared, and hastily concealing the note in my bosom I presently told the sister that I was fatigued and would retire into my cell. It was indeed from Baptisto: a letter of passionate love. He informed me that I could communicate with him in the same way that I received this; and he even had the forethought to enclose a sheet of paper and a tiny piece of Indian ink, for whence could I have procured writing materials without drawing down upon me the suspicion of the sisters? He further begged me to consent to a secret marriage: if I would do so he had already arranged a plan for my escape; but since he could not take me to his own relations for fear of pursuit, so he could not ask me to fly with him without having the right to protect me. I was greatly troubled, for it is a terrible thing to marry without the consent of one's parents, nay, against their express will; while on the other hand there was the prospect of the happiness of having

Baptisto ever by my side. I had told my father that I would never marry without his consent, provided that he would not force me to marry without my own, and he had not listened to me; so that I now feared every day that I should be forced into a hateful union with one I could never love. You who know the world and weak human nature will guess which way this conflict within me ended: I wrote the words 'I consent,' and passed it to the messenger the next day. Perhaps it was fortunate for me that my anxiety and grief at disobeying my parents prevented the joy which I should otherwise have felt, and did in part feel, from manifesting itself in my face; and so without being suspected by the sisters, who still watched me vigilantly, and every few days under pretext of cleaning diligently searched my cell, I got another note full of rapture, and containing instructions concerning the method of my escape. I kissed it again and again, and fearing lest it might be discovered, I ate it, for I knew it by heart. Baptisto had been informed by his messenger of the position of the convent and all other necessary matters, and he had laid his plans accordingly. Now, every evening the sister who acted as janitor took her keys into my aunt's cell, where they

remained until required for matins. These I was to procure, but the key of the priest's door which gave access to the chapel from outside, was at present in the hands of the gardener in order that he might give the masons access who were at work there, without troubling the nuns every morning; and this Baptisto was himself to get. Oh, how I trembled when the appointed night came! for I well knew that if I failed this time good care would be taken that I never had the opportunity again. The sisters noticed my agitation, which I could not conceal, and thinking that I had the fever, I was nearly prevented from my purpose by being sent to my cell before the evening meal; but I assured them that I could not sleep, and begged them so earnestly to let me stay that they gave way. I soon slipped into the buttery, and there, noting my aunt's flagon of wine, which was different from those the sisters used, I put a few drops of opium into it, which Baptisto had sent me for that purpose. Instead, however, of feeling sleepy after it, as I had expected her to do, my aunt appeared to be more lively than usual, and also in a better temper, for she bantered me on my obstinacy as she called it, and made the sisters laugh. I was in despair, and still more when, as we were retiring to

our cells after the meal, my aunt called to me and bade me follow her. For the first time since I had been in the convent, she talked kindly to me, and put before me the advantage of such an alliance as that with Prince Mazzapiglio, my duty to my father, and many other things of a like nature. While she was talking, the janitress brought in the keys, which I looked at with hungry eyes, for I feared that my aunt might remain awake the whole night; but to my great relief, after a little longer her mind seemed to begin to wander, she paused in her talk as if to gather her thoughts together, and these pauses gradually grew longer until her head, which she rested on her hands, gradually sank down upon the table, and she slept. I seized the keys, extinguished the lamp, and quietly retired to my own cell. There I waited for what seemed to me ages, until I thought all the sisters were asleep; then stealing down the corridor, starting at every sound, I picked out the key of the chapel door without much difficulty, and hurrying through in an agony of fear lest the marble effigies of my relations should rise up against me, I made my way to the other door, where I expected to find Baptisto waiting. I tried it, but found it locked. I listened, but could hear no sound. In trembling accents I

whispered the name of Baptisto, but there was no reply save the sighing of the wind. I sank down on the stone floor and wept, for I felt that some untoward accident must have happened : the gardener had gone out with his key, Baptisto had been seen, or I knew not what! I only knew that all my chances were gone ; that the hope which had so newly cheered me was but a bitter mockery ; and that henceforward I was doomed to a life of misery and living entombment. But just as I was on the point of returning to my cell I heard the key turning in the lock, and with a cry of joy and relief I found myself in Baptisto's arms. I could not restrain my tears, so great was the revulsion of my feelings from the lowest depths of despair to the height of happiness ; but Baptisto, after a tender embrace, hurried me out, and at a short distance we came to the horses he had in waiting, and then dismissing the servant we two rode away alone. It did not take us long to reach San Martino, where Baptisto had arranged with the priest to marry us and ask no questions. In his poor chamber, therefore, and at midnight, I was married, the priest's housekeeper holding our horses the while ; and no power on earth, not even the Holy Father himself, could undo it. We immediately mounted again and rode

on some distance, carefully avoiding the larger places, such as Castelfiorentino, where Baptisto was known, and towards dawn we reached Montajone, a mountain village, where we sought the hospitality of a cottager. Here we gave our horses a rest; and I, who was dying with fatigue, not being used to exercise during my long imprisonment in the convent, after a hasty meal, such as the place afforded, retired to an inner room and was soon fast asleep. Baptisto, who seemed to be made of iron, meanwhile looked to the horses, procured some food to take with us, and made other necessary preparations. In a couple of hours he awoke me, and we resumed our flight. We felt pretty sure that we should not be immediately followed, because I should not be missed until the morning, as I did not usually attend the midnight mass, and no one saw us depart; nor, unless they inquired of the priest of San Martino (if they chanced to come there, and he chanced to break his oath) would they obtain any tidings of the direction which we had taken; for all the country we had passed through was wrapped in slumber. For these reasons, and for the sake of our horses, and perhaps too because we liked to ride hand-in-hand, we did not urge our beasts along too fast. We rode the greater

part of the day, with but two hours' rest at noon in a wood, and were looking out for some place to halt for the night, when in the neighbourhood of a mountain town called Chianni, I chanced to see a troop of armed men riding down upon us. I called to Baptisto to fly, at the same time turning my horse off the track into a wood, and sped on as fast as I could make my way among the trees; but Baptisto, who was busier in looking on my face than in looking out along the road, did not follow quickly. I fled on some distance, and then halted for Baptisto, but the woods were silent and I was afraid to cry out. I searched hither and thither, but to no purpose, and by-and-by the shades of night began to fall and my horse gave evident signs of being tired out. I dismounted and led it along, stumbling at every step, and as the darkness fell thick, as it soon did among those trees, my fears grew stronger. Every shadow methought to be a wild beast, and the soughing of the wind sounded to me as the nearing cries of the wolves. Tired as I was, it seemed that I had walked for hours when at length I saw a light in the distance, for which I made at once, and found to proceed from a humble cottage. I knocked at the door, and an old man came out, shading the

lamp with his hand, while his old wife peered over his shoulder. I asked him if it was yet far to Quirico, for that was the port we had been making for, and whence we had intended to sail for Sicily. The man appeared to be greatly amazed at seeing me, and replied that it was a day's journey from hence, and now too dark to seek the way, nor was there, he added, any village in the neighbourhood. I asked him therefore if he would give me shelter for the night; at which he sighed, and said 'Alas! this wood is haunted by bands of evil men, and should they come upon me, as they often do, they might do thee an injury, and I could not protect thee.' Thereupon I said, 'Father, I have no choice; if I go on, I shall lose my way and perhaps be torn to pieces by wolves, or even meet some of those bands you fear. If I stay with you, I shall only run one risk, and moreover, both I and my horse are exhausted: therefore I pray you, give me food and shelter for this night.' The old couple then gave me permission to enter, and the best that their cottage afforded. My horse was stabled in a little shed, and we retired early to rest. But my fears for Baptisto and the thought of my misfortunes kept sleep far from me. How hard had been our lot, and how

happy we might have been but for our absurd Italian pride! I had been nearly driven mad by my fears lest I should be forced into a marriage that I detested; I had lost my father's love, a splendid home, and been banished to the gloomy imprisonment of the convent; and now, when I thought that some chance of happiness was dawning for me in my Baptisto's arms, I had again lost him: nay, he was perhaps killed, and I had lost him for ever! Tormented by these thoughts, I tossed about and wooed sleep in vain. Just as it grew dawn, methought I heard the distant trampling of many horses and men. Hastily rising, I looked forth, and saw many armed men coming towards the cottage, which greatly terrified me, and seeking to save myself, I went out to the yard at the back of the cottage for concealment if it were possible. There I was fortunate enough to find a great heap of coarse hay, in which I completely buried myself. Hardly had I done so, when they entered the cottage, and after looking round, entered the shed, where they found my horse and saddle; upon which they asked the old man whom he had with him, and he, not seeing me, declared that there was no one there saving himself and his wife; but as for the horse, he said he had found it grazing

outside his cottage the evening before, and for fear lest it might be killed by the wolves, he had stabled it. They appeared to be satisfied with this explanation, and said that since the horse had no owner they would give it one and take it with them. Then they dispersed themselves through the cottage, many of them coming out into the yard, where building a fire, they cooked themselves some goatsflesh and other food that they had brought with them, and producing an abundance of wine, they made merry and grew very riotous; and had I not then escaped another very great danger which convinced me that I was under the Divine protection, I should have been even more terrified than I was. For when the men came out into the yard, they tossed aside their arms, and one out of very wantonness threw his spear into the heap of hay in which I lay concealed, and so close did it pass to my right side that it even tore my gown. I was so afraid that I nearly cried out, but mercifully was able to restrain myself; and there I lay a-trembling while they rested and ate and drank their fill: and it then growing light, they went away, taking my horse with them. As soon as they were gone, the old man asked his wife if she knew where I was, for he was troubled concerning me; and I

then came forth and related to them how I had concealed myself and what had passed, at which they greatly marvelled. Now that it was daylight, the old man told me that I might safely proceed on my journey. At about ten miles distance, there was, he told me, a castle to which he would conduct me, called Castellina Maritima, where I could be safely lodged, and thither he guided me. After resting there a day, and not getting any tidings of Baptisto, I proceeded to Quirico, where to my despair I still could hear nothing of him. And then came the night in which we were attacked in the manner you wot. While the fighting was going on and I was watching and praying from my refuge, methought I saw Baptisto among the few who had stayed and were defending the place from the Turks; and I have seen him here on board this galley rowing among the slaves. How relieved, and at the same time how miserable I felt when I recognised him you will readily imagine: relieved that he had escaped from the robbers, and miserable that through me, and in my defence, he should have been condemned to this slavery. I trust in you to help to communicate with him in order that we may endeavour to form some plan of escape, and failing that, I am resolved

to put an end to this life which seems destined to be nought but a source of unhappiness to its owner and to all who come in contact with her.

It was already late when she had finished her narrative, and we therefore agreed to meet the next night to consider what were best to be done. The next day, as I dressed Baptisto's wounds, I whispered to him that I knew his story ; but we could come to no plan of escape. We were steering up towards Genoa, and as we neared the place a galley came out flying a flag of truce, and our fleet halted to parley. All the captains assembled on board our vessel, and the embassy from Genoa, several grave and reverend signors, came on board too. They were come to offer the exchange of Mahometan captives for Christians, which was accepted of, but only a few, and those that had been lately taken, were exchanged : for most of the slaves had no friends in these parts. Among the rest of the embassy was a man of consideration, who when he was come on board and his eyes fell on Gabriella could not restrain the hot tears from coursing down his wrinkled cheeks. She also recognising him seemed to fall into a swoon ; and I soon discovered that this was her father. The Turks at the beginning would

not listen to any offer of ransom, but at length, being tempted by a large sum, they gave way, and Gabriella was free to go. But this she refused without Baptisto being also ransomed; for, as she told her father, he was her husband, and she intended rather to die than be ransomed and leave him, who was become a slave for her sake. The old general had a terrible struggle betwixt his pride and his love for his only daughter, yet in the end he could not choose but give way: for was it not a greater dishonour to leave his daughter in captivity among the Turks than to acknowledge her marriage with Baptisto, who, if poor, at least came of noble family? Moreover, she was married to him and the marriage could not be undone, so that even if Baptisto remained in captivity she could never make a great alliance. Therefore it was that he gave way, and the last I saw of them was the three going away very lovingly together. I was enraged that there could be so much ingratitude in the world as to leave me, whom they seemed not to think of, behind. Had I guessed at it, I would have informed the Turks of the great riches of the Capellini. But it was too late, and I was left on board the galley without hope of release, with the agony of disappointment, and the

fear that as soon as we returned to Algiers I should be recognised and punished for my attempted escape.

The Rais, or Captain-general, was now satisfied with the success of the expedition, and accordingly the fleet set sail for their respective ports. But my estate was of the most miserable, for I greatly feared that I should be recognised when I arrived, and punished, as I have already related. There was a great concourse at the landing place, of men quiet and dignified, and of women giving their shrill cries of joy or ululations. As soon as the prisoners were taken ashore, I observed the same renegado that deceived so many when I was first taken; and who, I found, had been on board one of the galleys buying the slaves from their captors, now busy among the prisoners marshalling his purchases: and in the bitterness of my heart I bethought me of a tale to relate whereby I might revenge the Christians he had deceived. Accordingly, chained at the oar as I was, I cried out in a loud voice (for by this time I had learned to speak their language so as to be understood), that I had something to say unto the Dey; at which no man durst affront me, but my chains were knocked off, and I was led into the Presence. After that I had made

my salaam, I was bidden to speak; whereupon I said: O Dey! this slave of thine, this Emir Hassan, hath deceived thee, for there was a great beauty among the prisoners, whose face was as the full moon, with joined eyebrows, and a body like the willow-wand, so that the sight of her would ravish all beholders. And then one stood forward, whom I had instructed, and recited the following verses, which I will do into English:

Her cheeks were smooth and tender, she was delicate and fair,
Like to a pearl hid in its shell, suffused with colour rare;
Her shape like to an Alif, and her smile a medial Mim,
Her body like a willow wand, slender, tall and slim.

Like arrows sharp her glances shot to search out every part,
To water turned the liver, and made roast meat of the heart;
Her eyebrows like inverted Nouns, and arched as Rustem's bow,
Like Sad beneath her eyes shone out in dulcet tender glow.

Hair in abundance decked her head, and hung down to her feet;
None e'er created lovelier, or for a king more meet!
Praise Allah, who created her a creature of such grace,
And those who sold her for a price, may their lot be disgrace!

This one, I continued, was reserved for thee, O Dey! but the Emir Hassan

loved gold better than thee, and he permitted her to be ransomed. At this the Dey was very angry, and straightway ordered that the renegado should be cast into prison, and all his goods plundered, for none could gainsay what I had said. As for me, the Dey took me into his particular service, and so I escaped the penalty that my old master, who had recognised me, was prepared to impose upon me through the cadi or magistrate of the town.

And here I saw several of the prisoners who were wicked or weak of heart abjure their religion ; and the manner thereof was this. The renegado is set upon a horse, with his face towards the tail and a bow and arrow in his hand. After him is carried a picture of the Nazarene Christ, as they call Him, feet upwards, at which he draws his bow with the arrow therein ; and thus he rides to the place of abjuration, cursing the father that begat him, the mother that bore him, his kindred, and his country. Then, coming to the place of oath-taking, he says : 'Allah il Allah, Mahomet Rasoul Allah' ; and afterwards he is called a renegado, that is a Christian denying Christ, and turned Turk ; of which sort there are more in Algiers and in Barbary than natural Turks.

Among the slaves of the Emir Hassan who were seized by the Dey was one, a Spaniard, with whom I became intimate in this wise. We two, with many others, were employed as ferrashes, that is as carpet spreaders, sweepers, and so forth; for in the summer the Dey would desert his palace and live in tents in airy places where he could best catch the cooler breezes that blew from the north, and then the whole work of the camp would be carried on by us. Now, the Ferrash Bashi, or chief of the Ferrashes, was a Dutchman who had been a pirate, mainly preying upon those Spanish vessels which came richly laden from the settlements of Peru, and which, when they had passed all the dangers of the sea and were near their port, were cruelly taken almost within sight of land: and these pirates having fast ships, the heavy Spanish men-of-war could seldom come up with them before they had taken their prizes. I suppose from the nature of his former vocation the Dutchman looked upon all Spaniards as his enemies: but whatever might be the reason, he treated my friend Pablo with a cruelty and brutishness that must have been hard to bear, as without doubt it was hard for me with the blood of a free Englishman in me to look upon with coolness. One day this man, who was

called Hendrik vander Stok, being in a more surly mood than usual, found some fault with the manner in which Pablo had discharged those duties which appertained to him ; and with his courbash or whip of hide chastised him so terribly that he lay there in his blood without sense or motion. When I saw this, and saw that even then he would not give over his blows, I spoke to him and bade him desist ; whereupon in his blind rage he turned and spat in my face, at the same time striking me with his whip. But the next moment he lay without motion on the ground, for I had given him a blow behind the ear, and he fell like an ox. He never moved again, but none but the slaves saw him fall, and therefore I escaped punishment, for they all hated him, and gave the Turks to understand that he had died of an apoplexy (and, indeed, he had died of a stroke) which they the more readily believed seeing that he had no wound ; and moreover they would not be troubled to inquire more nearly, for they held a slave's life as a thing of nought. When Pablo recovered, and learnt that it was I who of my generosity and disregard of danger of my life had bravely saved his, his gratitude knew no bounds. Thenceforth he would endeavour to do all my work for me, and to give him satisfaction,

I let him do as much as he could without observation of the Turks. He would also bring me what food he was able, which was very acceptable, seeing that our allowance was but scanty, and would talk with me in his own tongue, which was the only one he understood, but which I soon picked up by the help of the Italian which I already knew. He had a lute, which he may have brought with him for all I know, upon which he played not without skill; and in this he was encouraged by the Turks; for, although the music of these heathens (if it may be called by that name) resembles not at all those sweet sounds which ever delight the ears of polite men and Christians, yet the music of the Spaniards is somewhat betwixt that of Christians and of Turks.

One day I heard him discourse these verses:

How long, O Death, must I then on thee call?
To most, alas! thou comest all too soon:
To young, to old, to rich and poor, to all
Thou art a curse—to me alone a boon.
Yet, nathless, I'd not have thee take me here:
For if my country I may never see,
That beauteous land that still I hold most dear,
Let it at least afford a grave to me!
My bones can never rest in foreign earth;
If death be sleep, 'tis therefore I can't die,
Enshrined in that dear soil that gave me birth
Alone 'tis possible for me to lie!

In mine own land the seasons come and go,
Spring blossoms bloom, and autumn leaves do fall ;
The Sun still shines, the gentle rivers flow,
And birds still make the woodlands musical.
My absence makes no discontinuance there,
The waters of oblivion close me o'er :
Friends I had once that used to speak me fair—
Now I am gone, they think of me no more.
And yet, not all—there's one still thinks of me,
Still weeps for me, still watches, and still prays ;
And, in my dreams, her tear-dimmed face I see,
That gives me strength to bear my evil days.

This made me curious to hear his history, which without much pressing he related as follows.

THE STORY OF PABLO FRAXADO Y RIBADENEYRA

MY father's name was Antonio Fraxado de Castañeda, and he occupied the office of master of the mint in the ancient town of Segovia. My mother came of the noble family of Ribadeneyra, but her I cannot remember, for she died while I was yet an infant, so that my only experience of a mother's love was from my old Catalan nurse, who also served as housekeeper to my father in his modest dwelling on the banks of the Eresma, hard by the mint, whose name was Christiana Irurosqui, which was shortened into la Cria. The household was completed by a boy of Moorish blood of about my own age, who came the Lord knows whence, called Pedro el Moro, who served as my playfellow when young, and my servant when he grew older. My father

was a man of retired habits who seemed to have no friends save a priest called Dom Vicente, who used to sup with him at least once in the seven days, and with whom he loved to talk of the nature of the things of this earth, and their virtues and qualities; for, indeed, it was shrewdly suspected that my father sought for the philosopher's stone, and even dabbled a little in the black art. Nay, some went so far as to assert that el Moro was a devil that he had called up, and who now was only biding his time to fly away with his soul. And yet my father was a pious man who faithfully fulfilled all the duties of our holy church, and fasted when there were fast days (which, alas! I thought, came with undue frequency); but nevertheless it was fortunate for him that no accident had happened at the mill, or it might have gone hard with him. I loved him greatly, but perhaps feared him more, for he seldom took any notice of me, and never unbent before me, or played with me, much less fondled me. Yet when he had occasion to speak to me he was always kind, and I never had a harsh word from him.

When I had arrived at the age of nine years, Dom Vicente suggested to him that it was time that my education should

be seen to, and himself undertook to instruct me in the rudiments of the Latin tongue, for I was a great favourite of his, and he hoped to make a priest of me. Moreover he taught me of the hidden secrets of nature, of the precious stones, and how they engender of the sap or juice of other stones distilled within crevices; though some, as he told me, who take upon themselves to sift more narrowly the secrets of nature, affirm that they are sublimed from the sap or marrow of the precious metals. Of their diverse properties he told me that which they call Nicolaus maketh him that weareth it sad and melancholic, and so wrests the spirits and inward parts that it stirs up wonderful passions in the mind. He also talked of a stone called Opal, most fickle and changing in colour, which maketh as many perish as wear it; and also of another called Natron, which, as is wonderful to relate, being cast upon the water straightway kindles into flame without the help of fire; a thing rather mystical than agreeing with our capacity. There is also the Ruby, which chaseth away melancholy, prevents dreams and illusions at night, and serves as a counterpoison against corrupt air. The Sapphire represents fire in its most vehement heat, as

also the azure sky, being most calm and clear. For the use of physic, there is no stone of greater price, seeing that it is of so great virtue by reason of its coldness that it presently staunches bleeding of the nose, heals the eyes, and, if placed on the tongue of them that suffer from fever, mortifies the disease. It also serves as a counterpoison against all venoms, and defends all infections of the air from such as wear it in pestilent times. The Hyacinth defends from thunders. The Turquoise chaseth away all troubles from the brain. He also told me many wonderful things of fishes: one of the most wondrous things, so miraculous as to be almost incredible, is that those dumb creatures do lift themselves out of their moist element to pierce the air as birds do with their wings. There is also the fish which is called in Latin the Torpedo, which hath a hidden property which is very strange, for if a man do touch it with an angle rod, she enchanteth forthwith his arm, so that often time he is constrained to abandon his prize. There are also fish of the likeness of men, saving that their skin is like to the slough of an eel; they have two little horns on the head, and on either hand have but two fingers. The feet end in a tail, and on

the arms are two wings as a bald mouse hath. Furthermore, he taught of the nature of plants, as, for instance, of the herb Basil, which, if a man chew and place under a stone, will straightway engender a scorpion. Also the herb called Pulicaris hath such a cold virtue that being cast into boiling water it will kill the heat thereof. The Squilla, if hanged in a house, delivereth men from charms and sorceries, and the Parsley, by a certain secret property, engendereth in us the falling sickness. Furthermore, the Consyre hath so great a virtue to knit and make to grow together fresh hurts, that being put into a pot with fresh pieces of flesh, it will knit and join them together. These and many other things he taught me, very curious, but which I cannot now call to mind; and being thus well tutored in all learning by Dom Vicente, yet unwilling to take orders as he wished, my father set me to work in the mill in the purification of the metals, in which the knowledge that I had gained was of use. But I liked not the occupation, and would steal away whenever I was able to the more congenial pursuit of a fair face that had caught my roving sight through a window grill, the lovely Dolores Escañuela, who was unfortunately an heiress, and therefore sought after by all the

gallants of Segovia. Scarcely a night passed but what she was serenaded by some young blade, so that the town musicians had no rest, neither had she, without she stopped her ears with wool, and what young maiden would do that to shut out the sweet incense of a serenade? Frequent were the brawls which took place under her window, insomuch that her father made complaint to the alcalde; but the alguazils durst not interfere, for many had their heads broken. As for the young gallants, it was almost an act of suicide to serenade her unless in a party of ten or twelve, when some very pretty fighting generally took place. For my part, I had no friends; for besides the bad odour in which my father was held for his reputed dealings in the black art, his retired habits prevented him from making the acquaintance of his fellow-townsmen, and therefore prevented me from being on familiar terms with their sons. Nevertheless, so great were the attractions of Dolores' charms, that I too, alone as I was, ventured to serenade her in the following verses:

Alas, arise!
And cast thy eyes
On me, love stricken, that dares thy feet to kiss;
Ah, pity take!
And for love's sake
List to my suit, and drown me all in bliss

I scarce dare raise
My voice in praise
Of the charms with which so richly thou'rt indued ;
Thou wilt not deign
A humble swain
That of so many gallant swains are wooed !

Nathless a youth,
That loves in truth,
Beyond what words can e'er to thee express,
Can never find
Thy heart unkind
To leave him in such dire unhappiness !

Ah, sweetest one !
I am undone :
Give me some sign that thou wilt look on me !
I cannot live
If thou'lt not give
Some token of thy gentle charity !

As I came to the last verse, what was my joy to see a white flower drop at my feet! I caught it up and covered it with kisses, and was about to depart in the seventh heaven of happiness, when a band of the retainers of the Count de Villegas, who was also one of Dolores' suitors, rushed upon me, so that I had scarce time to draw my sword to defend myself. However, I set my back to the wall and did what I could. El Moro had fled at the first onset, so there was I alone to thrust and parry as best I could against six ; but the odds were too great, and in a short time I fell covered with blood from

several wounds. Undoubtedly I should have been killed had not several alguazils, hearing the noise of clashing steel, come just at that moment to the end of the street, taking good care to leave the other end free for escape, and letting their presence be known by their flashing lanterns, by striking their wands on the pavement, and their shouts of 'Seize the peacebreakers!' and the like; when, seeing that the Count de Villegas' men had fled, and there finding me stretched upon the ground for dead, they were for carrying me to prison for a brawler. Fortunately for me, Dolores' father just then came out, who, after examining me, bound up my wounds with his daughter's assistance; and recognising me, ordered some of his servants to carry me home. My father was much grieved at the calamity which had befallen me, and showed more tenderness than I had hitherto thought he had. After applying some healing balsam, he and la Cria set themselves to watching by my bedside in turns, where I was soon in a raging fever. By the great care of my father, and with the aid of a good constitution, in about ten days I had so far recovered as to be out of danger of my life; and as soon as I was strong enough, I searched through the garments that I had worn on that fateful

night to find my guerdon, the flower which I had thrust into my bosom before the attack; and though my search was in vain, I nevertheless found to my great joy a handkerchief embroidered with the first letter of Dolores' name, which I supposed she had used for staunching my wounds. My father still watched by me, and great was my desire to embrace him and open my heart to him. I think that he would have been pleased had I done so; but as I grew better, so his stiffness grew upon him again, and before I could muster courage to address him the opportunity was lost, he had returned to his ordinary occupations, and the old relation between us of outward coldness was resumed. It was not so with la Cria. She was never tired of fondling me, and wishing all the foulest deaths she could think of to fall on the house of Villegas, to be followed by eternal punishment in the lowest hell hereafter. To Dom Vicente, who was a frequent visitor, she would confess her sin of uncharitableness as he told her that it was; I say, she would confess it to him every time, in order that she might have a free conscience to sin again in the same manner directly afterwards. My father wished to complain before the corregidor of the unprovoked attack, but Dom Vicente

with much ado dissuaded him; for, as he pointed out, in any case the Count de Villegas would bring all his influence to bear, and it was not likely that the corregidor would withstand that at the suit of a plain citizen. He forbore to tell him his more potent reason, that the vulgar of the town looked askaunt upon him for his supposed magical powers, and disliked him while they feared him. My father, who was a man of sense, acknowledged that the advice was good; nevertheless he fretted that he could not be avenged, and all the more since anything that disturbed the usual placid course of his life made him quite unable to follow those pursuits which he so much loved. Had his means been sufficiently great, he would say, to supply those costly earths, precious stones, and alembics, and so forth, that he found needful for his studies, he had left the neighbourhood of cities, and would have retired to some quiet mountain hermitage, where, undisturbed by the distractions of the world and the necessity of mingling with vulgar souls, he might commune with Nature, and win those secrets from her reluctant hand for which he so greatly thirsted and so patiently laboured. But, what avails talk like this, he added; there is no peace in this world. He who hath

no relations to distract him, no one to consider but himself, will pine for the sympathy of his kind. The work he has done, even the fame he may win, turns to bitterness and gall. He will ask himself of what use to him is a name known far and wide, to be remembered even after its bearer is no more, a mere breath associated with the idea that once a living man owned it, and that too would die in a few years and be forgotten, only to be remembered now and again by the curious delvers in the history of the forgotten past. If, on the other hand, our unfortunate lot gave us friends or relatives to love, did not their pains, their accidents, their griefs or their misdoings, fall upon us as though we had the capacity to bear the ills of many with the physical body of but one? But la Cria had no patience with him when he was in one of these moods. It is not for us, she would say, to ask why we are here more than anywhere else, or to repine at the position in which we are placed. Cry when you are moved to tears, laugh when you are moved to mirth, hate your enemies and love your friends. These were the maxims upon which she acted, and accordingly made el Moro's life a burden to him with her gibes against him for running away, in spite of his oaths that he went but

to obtain succour, perceiving that so he might do his master the greater service. On the other hand, she scraped acquaintance with Dolores' duenna, and would bring me news of my mistress which so gladdened my heart that I made a rapid recovery.

As soon as I was able I went to the Church of the Seven Sorrows, which I knew was frequented by Dolores, and to my great joy I saw her, recognising her in spite of her veil, for what veil will not a lover's eye pierce? I knelt beside her, and had hardly the patience to let pass one quarter of an hour before I addressed her. I saw by her mantling blush that she recognised me as I spoke. 'Fair lady,' I began, 'it seems that the Saints take pity on those that truly love, since I have the felicity to meet you here, the sight of whom is life. I beseech you excuse me if, having ended my devotions, I begin to pray you to take pity upon me, whose flame is so ardent and affection so passionate, as either I must live yours or not die my own.' To this Dolores answered: 'Sir, since your devotions can neither be pleasing to God nor profitable to your soul if you come here merely to have speech with me, so it would be equally sinful in me to reply to your civil speeches either as your present

action or real merit deserves.' I was not so great a novice in the art of love as to be put off with the first rebuff, but rather seeing that the perfection of her mind corresponded with the beauty of her form, resolved to return to the charge, and therefore boarded her thus: 'Sweet lady, where can truth be more fitly spoken than in the temple of truth, or where else could my hard lot afford me an opportunity of speech with one who hath the power, so great is my devotion, to make me brave all the evil of this world or the next? If you will not have me speak to you here, until, as I ardently hope, you condescend to plight your vows to me before the altar, at least give an opportunity of speaking to you elsewhere, that I may assure you of my unfeigned love and undying devotion.' At this, Dolores, repenting her of her harshness towards me, replied: 'Noble sir, when I am as well acquainted with your heart as with your speeches I may perhaps pardon your indiscretion in thus addressing me, and since I may have wronged your merits and virtues, if you will be at the wicket gate of my father's house soon after the first watch of the night, I will give you then an opportunity to explain your intent at greater length.' So saying, she bowed to me, and going

forth, left me in so happy and eager a state that I scarce knew what I did, but only that the day seemed to be the longest that I had ever passed.

It is needless to say that the hour found me at the wicket gate, but I had hardly got there when there was a great bruit or noise of clashing of naked weapons in the same street at its further end, and I clearly perceived that it was a brawl between two parties of pretenders to Dolores' favour, who, being on the same errand intent, had there met. In haste to escape their observation I knocked at the gate, but scarcely had I done so than one being hurt in the skirmish broke out of the press, and fleeing towards the place where I stood, fell down dead at my feet, even as the duenna, the confidante of Dolores, opened the wicket to let me enter. She straightway conducted me into a garderobe or inner chamber, where I hardly passed three words to my dear mistress, whom I found there awaiting me, when we heard a great noise and hurly-burly in the street of the alguazils, who, finding the dead body at the door, inquiring of the neighbours were told that the murderer had but now slipped into the house before which the body lay. Whereupon the captain began to bounce at the door with such assistance

of his company that we were struck with fear at the uproar, I for her honour, while she was in terror for my safety lest they might search the house and take me for the murderer, notwithstanding that I knew nothing of it. With her ready woman's wit Dolores bade me instantly follow her, and leading me into a manservant's chamber then disused, showed me how I might mount to the midst of the chimney, which I did just as her father was parleying with the officers who insisted on searching the house. I had nothing to support me but a narrow bar of iron upon which there was barely space to stand, while Dolores retired to her chamber, from which she presently issued, feigning to be disturbed from her slumber, and exclaiming at the indecency of such a disturbance at such an hour. But the captain was forced by what the neighbours had said (though half against his will) to continue his search, and receiving the keys from Señor Escañuela, began to ransack each corner and cabinet in the house, in which he omitted nothing, for no coffer escaped without its bottom turned upward, and every bed and bolster was tried with the point of a sharp poignard. When they came to the chamber where I was hid in the chimney I would have cursed my folly, had my love

not been so great, for venturing thus upon one of the most dangerous enterprises that can be undertaken in Spain, and risking the honour of my mistress by my discovery; and, as evils never come alone, after they had well searched the chamber, which had very little furniture in it, though fortunately not bethinking them that one might be perched up in the chimney, that being the last part of the house examined, the captain was dissatisfied at not having found anyone, and so proposed to set a guard for the night and to continue his search at the return of daylight. To that end, despite the protestations of Dolores' father, two men were left on guard, and what was worse, these men quartered themselves in the very chamber where I hung up in the chimney, as being one of those in the house not at present in use. You may well imagine that Dolores was terribly distressed at this, and all the more that she feared, as I did, that since the night was cold the men would desire to kindle a fire, wherefore she gave special charge that no fuel should be supplied to them, but that if they wished it a pan of hot coal, after the manner of us Spaniards, could be placed in the midst of their chamber. Hearing these two wretches establish themselves, I had almost given myself up for lost, but

that I might not for the reputation of my mistress which I valued more than my life. I had grown during this time exceedingly tired of standing upon my perch, hardly recovered in strength as I was from my severe wounds; moreover, the smell of the soot and the cold air excited in me a very great desire to sneeze, which I durst not gratify and yet scarce could stay it. Soon after I heard my mistress enter the chamber again with two of her women, and proffer wine to the men, in reward, as she said, for their services in guarding her. This they took very graciously, but knowing what I did, methought she had put a sleeping-draught therein, which, indeed, turned out to be the case, for presently they slept and soundly, but I durst not come down until her duenna, whom she had sent there to spy, seeing that the guards were governed by the potion, bade me descend, which I joyfully did, and withdrew quietly to another chamber where I found my dear mistress. Our common adventure had brought us nearer together, for the danger we had mutually suffered and were not yet escaped from, had swept away the artifices of coyness, our hearts seemed already to sympathise and burn in the flame of mutual affection. She entertained my vows and speeches of

unalterable love with many blushes which came and went, casting a roseate veil over the milk-white lilies of her complexion, which, together with her soft eyes, her delicate stature, and the many perfections of her beauty, confirmed the subserviency of my zeal and wedded constancy to my love. With many protestations we took our leaves, but, impatient of delay, the very next day I waited upon her father, and in due terms requisite for me to give and him to receive, demanded his daughter in marriage. Señor Escañuela, while thanking me for the honour, which, as he protested, I had done him, replied: 'Señor, our family is much beholden to you for the flattering proposal which you make, and words hardly suffice me to express the pleasure I should experience by the union of our two families in marriage, which is as much an honour to me as a condescension in you. Nevertheless, much as I may regret it, I have already pledged my daughter Dolores to the Count de Villegas, and my pledged word will not permit me to alter my decision in your favour. Therefore, señor, I am your humble servant, and must beg you in future to put away from your thoughts all notion of my daughter.' To this I could only answer: 'Illustrissimo, I am your humble and obe-

dient servant,' and so take my leave, knowing full well that he preferred the titled and rich Count de Villegas to poor me, who had nothing, no title and no riches. Nevertheless my love was so great and the encouragement my mistress had given me was such, that I was resolved not to give her up without a struggle, and therefore I indited an epistle to her as follows, which I entrusted to el Moro to deliver to her, who, however cowardly he might be, possessed a discretion and a subtlety that few could equal.

'Madam,' I wrote, 'though your father prove obdurate in entertaining the hope with which I burn, yet so great and inextinguishable are the flames of my desire, that I cannot tamely acquiesce in his decision to give you to another whom I cannot think worthy of those transcendent beauties. That your charms have vanquished me is nothing, and would give me no claim to your consideration; but you have deigned to distinguish me from the common crowd, and in so doing have raised me to that degree among the competitors to your favour, that I now consider myself the equal and even superior of any grandee in Spain. Oh, grant me, divine being, some confirmation of my pretensions, that my fainting heart be again

raised by thy word, for without thee nothing is left to me to live for, while the hope of thy favour will give me strength to fight against paternal objections, my superiors in rank or riches, or even the devil himself.' This letter I despatched by el Moro, who, by feigning an attachment to Dolores' maid, had no great difficulty in delivering it to her own hand without the observation of her parents. By the same means I received the following answer: 'Señor, it is with blushes and hesitation that I so far transgress maidenly decorum as to answer your letter; and the more since I fear that my conduct in giving you an opportunity of private converse may be misconstrued. Nevertheless, it would show ill manners in me to pass over your letter in silence, since it plainly comes from the heart of an honourable gentleman. I may freely confess that your person is not unpleasing to me, and that, were it my parents' wish, I might be prepared to entertain your flattering proposal; but since you have not succeeded in obtaining from them the confirmation of your wishes, it only remains for me to say that I will never consent to a union with the Count de Villegas.' To this I replied by the same means as follows: 'Fair mistress! Ah, madam, though I be not so

fortunate as to please thy parents, yet love is no crime to be visited by thy divine displeasure, when thou thyself art the bright object of my affection. Though thy parents, swayed rather by their ambition than by dislike to me, do not favour my suit, yet the union of two souls should not be governed by Mammon, but rather by Cupid, the gentle god of love. Hymen ever joyfully confirms the union of them that are invited to join themselves by Cupid, and as constantly refuses to bless those introduced to him by pride or avarice. Give then scope to thy gentle heart, dear lady, that hath already rescued me from the death nearly brought upon me by rivals for thy affection, and confirm my life, which is otherwise valueless, by the hope of thy dear hand.'

Though I succeeded in corresponding with Dolores without the knowledge of her parents, yet this correspondence could not be so subtle as to hope for concealment from the eyes of a lover, and so the Count de Villegas was not without intelligence of what was going on, of which he took good care that Señor Escañuelas should be informed, who thereupon gave instructions that el Moro should be prevented from coming to his house. At the same time

the Count de Villegas sent me the following challenge :

'Since I am given to understand that thy baseness doth not fear to aspire to the incomparable beauty of the phœnix of her sex and bright star of beauty, my mistress Dolores, if thou dost not instantly give up all pretension to her hand, doubt not that my sword is prepared to chastise thy insolence. Either, therefore, return me an answer under thy hand, that thou art prepared henceforth to avoid all communication with my mistress, or be prepared to-morrow morning to meet me without the walls with rapier and sword, if thou hast any pretence to be thought to have the breeding of a gentleman, to justify thy audacious resolution.—VILLEGAS.'

To this I bade the messenger reply that I would not fail to meet him according to his desire and appointment. I bore this challenge privately from my father, and all the world except a young gentleman, one of my few acquaintances, whom I chose to be my second in the quarrel, named Señor Velasco, a valiant and true friend, who very readily engaged himself to me, so that he and the Marquis de Campofrio, the second of the Count de Villegas, with as much friendship as secrecy, met in the city and resolved on

the rapiers and other ceremonies requisite in the duello. As soon as the morning appeared, both parties were early astir, and showed themselves on the field of battle a little before six, which was the hour appointed. The seconds duly performed their allotted office in visiting the principals, who cast off their doublets and drew, and so we fell to deeds. The Count de Villegas played the first close with great warinesss and coolness, but presently warming to the business, he wounded me in the right arm, while I gave him a thrust in the left side which did but little hurt as it glanced along a rib. At the second encounter, the Count wounded me betwixt the breast and shoulder, while I thrust him clean through the left arm, which piercing his sinews and arteries, he was no longer able to hold his poignard, and despite his resolution and courage, it fell out of his hand, an unlooked-for disaster which did much perplex and afflict him. Upon seeing this, disdaining to fight upon unequal terms, I threw away my poignard also, and after a short breathing space we again closed, when running in upon him I ran him through the right flank and withdrawing my rapier leapt back to put myself upon a defensive guard, but my foot slipping, I

could not prevent myself from falling to the ground. The Count following me close, and being eager in pursuit, could not forego his advantage, and being blood-thirsty in his revenge and forgetful of all honour, working upon the misfortune of my fortune, he right then and there nailed me to the ground, and withdrawing his rapier was preparing to pierce me through the heart and so act a perpetual divorce betwixt my body and soul, when his second unable to look on at so base an act, ran forward and turned aside his weapon. My own second coming forward at the same time, raised me from the ground, and the chirurgeon advancing examined my wounds, so that the combat was put an end to.

I was conveyed to my home, and lay betwixt life and death for the space of about a week, when an alguazil of the Inquisition came to cite me before the Holy Tribunal upon certain charges of heresy, and I was conveyed to a noisome cell of their prison, which, as my father afterwards learnt, was at the instance of the false Count, who repenting him of my life had thus accused me.

My dungeon was situated close beneath the roof, and since it was winter I was almost perished with cold. Yet, withal,

that was better than the extreme heat of summer that I had to look forward to, for the stink and noisomeness of the air was less in the winter. The cell was narrow, and for that reason belike, and also perhaps because I had not yet been put to the question, I had no fellow-prisoner. No light entered therein save for a narrow rift in the wall high up, and no wider than a man's finger, but I might have had a worse apartment if it had not been expected that my father would be willing to pay for my better accommodation. For the same reason the order of my diet was better than the common, for my father paid very large fees to the Holy Office for it, and had it not been for this, in my then state of weakness with my wounds scarcely healed, I had surely perished. And yet, easy as it is to get into the prison of the Inquisition, few go out, for if they have not already perished from the hardships of their imprisonment and the torture of the question, yet they seldom go forth but clad in the San Benito for the stake, or at the least to a life-long slavery in the galleys. It was far otherwise with the ordinary prisoners who had no money to bless themselves withal. Those poor creatures have a daily allowance of half a rial from the king for their diet, which is

about equal to two sous French, out of which poor pittance is to be defrayed their steward and laundress's wages, and whatsoever other necessary charges grow besides must be from thence discharged. Moreover, of this allowance given to them by the king, not one half comes to their use, for it passes through two or three men's hands, to whose fingers some of it sticks. First there is the treasurer, and then comes the steward, then the cook, and lastly, the jailor, all of whom will have their fees. But if the prisoner be a rich man then is his lot even worse, for they do not suffer him in any case to better his condition out of his own goods, which they look to for plunder, nor do they allow him to have other than a little brown bread and cold water. No sound is heard in those sorrowful walls, for no prisoner is allowed to raise his voice, and some heretics that would be singing of psalms in the vulgar tongue, for fear that they should thereby solace themselves or let others know of their presence, had wooden bits fastened upon their tongues, and were so compelled to silence. For this reason it happens that father and son, husband and wife, or brother and sister, may be in the prison-house for the

space of two or three years, and neither of them know of the other being there until the time comes of meeting on the scaffold —if it ever comes, for the most perish in prison as I have said, from the great filth and stench, and their corrupt and naughty diet, or they become altered in their wits from their prolonged and lonely imprisonment, or perchance some fever consumes them little by little, making their living life worse than any death they could die. Yea, so great are the cruelties of this prison, and so easily are men cast therein at the mere whisper of an enemy, that it would confirm these Turks in their false religion did they know and understand thereof. Indeed, there was a certain Turk who had voluntarily forsaken and abjured the Mahometan idolatry and was newly come into Spain to be confirmed in the true religion, who, finding more faults and worse sins among the Christians than he had left behind him among his own countrymen the Moors, happening to say one day that the Mahometan law was better than the Christian, was immediately denounced by some, and lodged forthwith in a dungeon of the Inquisition, whence he never again issued forth but to one of their Acts, and that only after the torture

of the rack, when he was burnt at the stake, which is a thing that the Turks, pagans as they are, will not do, save that you revile their religion or so-called saints.

The walls of my dungeon were written all over with the sad complaints of prisoners that had been there before me, and though in some cases there were blasphemous inscriptions by heretics, denying the divinity of our Lady, or even the reality of the Blessed Host, yet for the most part they were but the expression of their hopelessness, their trust in God, a farewell to the world, or an invocation to death. Some of these I remember, for I had leisure to impress them upon my memory during my long imprisonment; and since they help to show the horror of my suffering, and the mutability of human affairs, I will repeat them to you. One of them ran as follows:

> Erst I did live in calm content,
> And passed each day in merriment;
> And in my arrogance and pride,
> Methought no evil could betide,
> No stroke of fortune break it, nought
> Save Death one day must cut it short.
> Now, as the past day is the morrow,
> One long agony of sorrow;
> And in humbleness I sigh
> To thee, Lord, to let me die!

And another :—

Ye gloomy walls whose massy stones
  Such wicked actions have seen done,
What shrieks ye've heard, what hollow groans !
  What tortures have ye looked upon !
Yet there's no spot in all your parts
So hard as are your masters' hearts !

The wretch whom fate doth immure here
  Will ne'er go free while he has life ;
Ne'er more he'll see those he holds dear,
  Ne'er bid farewell to child or wife !
An age of torment is begun,
That ne'er will end till life be done.

Oh, Virgin Mother, grant me strength
  That I may be resigned to pain ;
And through thy Son's mercy at length
  May unto heavenly bliss attain !
My body's weak, then pity take
Upon me for thy dear Son's sake !

And again :

With limbs disjointed by the rack,
And by the trough a broken back,
I hardly have sufficient breath
To breathe a quavering prayer to Death,
Can scarce my trembling limbs command
To trace these lines with palsied hand !
I pray thee, Lord, to let me die,
And so cut short my agony !

And again :

Alas, Constantia, we've loved long,
  And hoped to pass our lives together,
But unkind fate hath proved too strong,
  And ruthless our dear love doth sever

I hoped thy joys and griefs to share,
While thou didst do the same by me;
And hand in hand together fare
Through Death into Eternity.

But now, alas, in all my pain,
Thou art not by to soothe my woes,
And if we e'er shall meet again,
The God above us only knows!

About the third week of my imprisonment, when I had almost recovered from my wounds, but was like to fall ill from the irksomeness of my confinement and distress for my separation from Dolores, the keeper of the prison began to question me upon the subject of my arrest, and to ask me if I could suspect either the cause or my accuser? Having heard my father, when he was alone with me, talking upon the wiles of the Inquisitors, and bethinking me that the keeper would have far greater cause to assist his masters than to take pity upon me, I answered very guardedly, though with seeming ingenuousness, that I was entirely ignorant of both the one and the other. Upon this he urged me to confess anything that I could think of, and to petition the Holy Fathers for a day of hearing, in order that my case might be disposed of. But knowing somewhat of their tricks, and of how they ensnare the unwary, I replied that I was at their disposal, for

them to do with me as they pleased. At this reply he could not conceal his displeasure, and it was not until fourteen days afterwards that I was cited before the Consistory. They then spoke to me as though I was merely before them to discharge a *pro-forma* accusation, and bade me tell them all I knew, in order that they might send me back to my own house. This they did, hoping that I might unawares confess to some fault, or accuse some other, perhaps my father; and they earnestly charged me therefore to disburden my conscience, as they called it, persuading me that they went about nought else but to do me good for the very love and mere compassion which they had for me. When I humbly replied that I could think of no reasonable cause why anyone should denounce me to them, they answered that they could mete out sharp justice to the contumacious, and so sent me back to my cell. In the meanwhile they sent an officer to me called the 'tutor,' whom they appoint, as they pretend, to advise with the prisoner how he may best defend his case, but who in reality is only a spy who betrays many, and even the innocent, to his masters. I merely repeated to him what I had said before, and although he urged me to put my trust in him for that

he was appointed to defend me, which he could not do unless I would deal candidly with him, yet I knew better, even had I been guilty, than to trust him. On the third day I was called before the Inquisitors again, who demanded of me if I was now resolved to make a clean breast of the affair, with an earnest request of me to do so for my own welfare, after their accustomed manner. If I would not, they threatened to use extremity towards me of what they could do by law, by which they mean extreme tormenting and mangling of men, but finding that I had nothing to confess, or, as they would have it, that I would confess nothing, they remitted me again to prison, and upon some information of my intended escape, which I discovered from the keepers' inquiries, I was now put into an underground dungeon, which was even worse than the one in which I had been hitherto confined. As the Inquisitors could get no confession out of me, and moreover had no witnesses against me save the Count de Villegas, whom they knew to bear a grudge against me, for the reasons known to you, and since they had heard of the duello between us, and therefore suspected his testimony the more, they forbore to put me to the question, as they call it, that is to the rack and other tortures,

though they rehearsed all the several torments to me as terribly as they could; and, indeed, I had almost fainted at their description, and the sight thereof. The place is a deep dungeon beneath the earth, with many doors to pass through ere we came to it, in order that those who are put to it should not be heard to shriek or cry. On the one side are raised seats with a canopy, where the Inquisitors are seated with their clerks, and the links being lighted in their sockets on the walls, they take their seats, and the prisoners are brought forth. Here he sees, as I did, in that dim and flickering light, the Inquisitors sitting in their red robes on the one side, flanked by their familiars in their gowns of white, with hoods which cover their faces, making them to resemble so many spirits or devils come to enjoy his tortures. The executioner, a brawny knave, stands hard by his instrument, which is in the midst of the apartment, clad all over in a close-fitting garment of black canvas, with a long black hood which reaches over so as to cover his face. The chief Inquisitor then urges him to speak the truth freely and voluntarily, otherwise it will be at his own peril. For if his arm or leg be broken in the rack, or if he receive other injuries so that he die thereof (for they mean not to deal gently

with him), let him blame no one but himself; and so they think to salve their consciences. Then is he stripped to the skin, and his hands bound with a cord which passes over a pulley, so that he may be hoisted up. His feet likewise are weighted with heavy weights, and in this plight is he again summoned to tell them all he knows, which nevertheless does not satisfy them, but they sign to the executioner to hoist the poor wretch, and while he thus hangs, they fall to their persuasions once again, commanding the executioner to hoist him to the very beam till his head touch the pulley. Then, if he will not accuse both himself and all his acquaintance, they command to let him down again, and twice the weight that was afore to be affixed to his feet, when he is again hoisted, and suffered to hang a good while, which seems every minute an age to him, such is his great and momentarily increasing agony; every sinew in his body being strained, until, as most often happens, he swoons for his intolerable pain. Then the leech who stands by, not to cure, indeed, as is their office in less holy places, but merely to prolong his capacity for suffering, the leech, I say, gives orders to lower him down again, and after sousing him with cold water, administers a cordial, and

then is the wretch again questioned. In his then state, though he be innocent, yet racked and dazed as he is, if he be able to speak at all he will now say anything that they wish, and one of the familiars leaning over him repeats aloud after him the confession that he can scarce whisper. If he be rich and they merely require an excuse to plunder him of all his possessions, this will satisfy them; but if, as is more often the case, they hope through him to get others within their net, they again give orders to hoist him, and bid the executioners so to jog the ropes that every limb is disjointed: arms, shoulders, back, and legs torn from their sockets, and the afflicted parts then swelling, the weights tell with more excruciating force. Then they begin to rail upon him, calling him dog and heretic, that will stand so obstinately in concealing the truth; and in this pitiful plight, half dead and more, if he pray them to let him down, promising to tell them somewhat, after he has said what he can, he is worse handled than before, because they think that now only he begins to broach his matters. For as soon as his tale is at an end they begin afresh to exhort, to threat, and to rack him, giving charge to haul him up and let him down again as I have already described, until

the leech signifies by a private sign that if he suffer any more now his spirit will presently depart, and so he will escape out of their hands; when they leave him and let him down for that time, demanding of the executioner (to fright him), whether his other instruments be ready? To which the executioner answers that they be ready, but that he has not brought them with him. 'Then see,' they say, 'that they be ready by to-morrow, and look that nothing be wanting, for we shall try one way or another to get the truth from this heretic.' Thereupon they rise and go their way, while the leech restores the sufferer's limbs as best he may, putting his arms and legs in their right joints again (if the swelling permit) and so he is carried back into his cell.

After two or three days are past he is again put to the question, and finds all ready as before; when, being bound to the rack, they again straitly fall to persuade him to utter somewhat, wherein, if he answers nothing, they carry him back to prison, but if he says ought, then in the hopes of getting more from him they again put him to the rack, and while he hangs bind his thighs and mid-leg together tightly with small but very strong cord, and then drive in wedges betwixt until the

cords are hidden in the flesh; a very extreme and terrible torment. In this plight the poor soul is left for some hours until his legs almost mortify and the pain is beyond endurance. Nevertheless, they cease not to persuade and to entreat him, but if he still prove obstinate they employ another device the name of which is '*Buriorum Aselli*,' and the manner of it is this: he is laid upon his back upon a trough of massy timber, across which just below his shoulders is a bar, so that his back may not settle to the bottom and he may have the less ease. When he is laid thereon, his arms, legs, and thighs are bound with very stout small cords, which they afterwards strain with sticks so that they pierce the flesh almost to the bone, insomuch that the cords can no longer be seen. Then they take a piece of fine linen, large enough to cover both his mouth and nose, and pour upon it water in a thin stream which bears down the linen into his mouth and throat so as to suffocate him, and yet he cannot move, so that when they pluck it out from the bottom of his throat, as they do many times to see whether he will answer their questions, the cloth is dyed with his blood and he suffers death by this torment many times over. All this was shown and

explained to me, and I was led back to my cell almost dead with fear.

Lying thus in my new cell, which, as I have said, was changed, for some suspicion of my jailors, from the attics to a deep underground dungeon, trembling for the fear of what I had seen which I had too much reason to dread might be my fate, with but the cold hard stone for my pillow, I had nought to sustain me but the memory of the moments I had passed with Dolores, tormenting myself with the doubt lest she might give way to the wishes of her father and the importunities of the Count de Villegas. I went over in my mind all her words, and still more her looks and involuntary signs of love, torturing myself with the idea that they were but signs of common politeness, and that, though she might like me, yet did she not care for me to that degree that she would sacrifice her peace for my sake. How long I lay thus I had lost count, but it was certainly night, for my jailor had long since brought me my evening meal of beans or chickpeas boiled in oil, and also my pipkin of water; when presently I heard, as it were beneath me, a sound as of a pick plied with regular blows. To be sure I had heard it for some time, but it had not arrested my attention until now

when I began to wonder as it came nearer what it might portend. Then I heard a mighty blow upon a stone at my feet; my heart leapt to my mouth, for, indeed, the terrors I had gone through and my long imprisonment had somewhat wasted my mettle, and I had almost shrieked aloud when the stone without further warning disappeared, leaving merely a cavity where it had been. I gazed intently, waiting to see what might happen, but all was silent for a time, and then I thought that indeed my wits had left me, for the sufferings I had gone through, for I seemed to hear my father's voice, and lo! his head appeared as if it were rising through the pavement. I think that it was the indescribable look of tender pity that his face bore which quieted me and drove away my fear; I began to think that I had died and that my father had come to deliver me from the persecutors of this earth and to bring me to heavenly bliss, but my senses left me, and I knew no more until I found myself in a little dark chamber hardly illumined by a solitary candle, which only served to show my father's face bending over me. I closed my eyes again, and then I heard his voice bidding me to remain quiet, and assuring me that I was now in safety and with him. Then he held a cordial to my lips, which

revived me so that I could sit up and partake of food which he had prepared for me. When I had finished, I begged him to tell me where I was, and he answered me as follows.

'You know, my son, that I have long studied the secrets handed down to us by the Moors, who once were all-powerful in this country; secrets which, so learnedly and skilfully are the books of their philosophers written, only those who have themselves studied much can hope to decipher. The Sierras which we see so close to us are veined with gold and silver; but I sought less to find the old mines which were formerly worked there and which our unskilful forefathers left to be forgotten, than the hiding-places which I felt sure the Moors had digged about this town, and in which they must have left from time to time much treasure in gold and jewels, and still more in those priceless works of their philosophers, which they alone of all the nations of the world in those barbarous days encouraged and honoured. From the works of one Abucaçim, I was led to believe that our house together with the mint had at one time been one of the defences of the town, the prison on the opposite banks of the stream being another, and, if that were the case,

there should be a secret passage beneath the river communicating between the two. By much study I fixed upon the point, found the passage and chamber in which we now are, but alas! no sign of books or treasure. However, as I began to suspect that a hiding-place in time of need might be useful, I studied the whole of these underground workings, and found that while on the one hand they communicate with the mint and your prison-house, on the other a longer branch goes to a cavern situated in the hill which, you know, lies to the south of our city; a cavern only known to a few goatherds who have never dared to penetrate its depths. In this place I stored a few necessaries, and when you were arrested I made it my business to inquire as to the plan of your prison; when, finding that the passage had formerly opened into what is now an underground dungeon, and hearing that the cell you were in was situated beneath the roof, I spread abroad rumours that there was a plan of escape prepared for you, and so procured your removal to the cell from which I rescued you. I then learned that it was resolved also to arrest me, and therefore retired at once to my hiding-place to which I have now happily brought you; it only remains for us to fly the country,

for I need not remind you that henceforth we shall never be safe in Spain. Your cell shows no sign of having been entered, the stone is replaced and is well filled in beneath so that it will not yield a hollow sound. Probably your jailor will be suspected of having assisted you, and will be tortured; such men must learn that there is not always safety in evil-doing, and that he who serves the devil will be rewarded with hell.'

We lay there perdue in our hiding-place for some three weeks until the hue and cry after us was somewhat abated; and then stole forth in the disguise of peasants, hiding by day in the vineyards, and only faring on by night, and so made our way to Tortosa, where my father had a friend, a merchant, who traded with Marseilles. To our joy, we found that he had a vessel now in harbour upon the point of sailing, to which he conveyed us in the guise of factors, and we got safely away without being discovered by the familiars of the Inquisition. You may guess, however, that I did not depart without leaving a letter for Dolores, which I gave into the hands of a muleteer who was just starting for Segovia. The letter was couched in the following words: 'One who was unjustly persecuted has now escaped, but in

leaving thee, he leaves all behind him that makes life valuable in his eyes. Oh, grant that he may look forward to the time when in a secure asylum he may hope to hear from thee!' I have not much more to tell you. We were scarcely out of sight of the coast of Spain, when we were attacked by a couple of Sallee pirates, and though we fought desperately, we proved to be no match for them and were overpowered. My father, alas! was among the slain, and I was sold for the slave you see before you.

This story amused me: indeed, it always gave me pleasure to hear the stories of the slaves who were my fellows in captivity, and this not only for the tale, though all men love to hear stories of adventure, but also they served to remind me how many Turks were daily sent out of the world in their fights, which could not but be pleasing in the sight of God and man. Also it served to show how few men there are in this world equal to me in the virtues of manhood—skill, bravery, and quickness of resource. Most of these tales, indeed, were nought; for most of the slaves had been taken in the pursuit of their daily bread, sordid churls, who had lived their mechanic lives like the cattle of

the fields. Nevertheless there was one story related to me by a Kurd from Hakkarieh which was entertaining enough to remain fixed in my memory, and which I shall call after its narrator, the 'Story of Yousef ibn Ali.'

THE STORY OF YOUSEF IBN ALI.

NO man can escape his destiny, he began, and doubtlessly it was written upon my forehead that I should be cast down to the depths of misery from a position in which I enjoyed the most exquisite of delights and the choicest of the gifts of God. My father was the lieutenant of the chief of the Kurds, Ogloo Beg, who usually dwelt in his mountain fastness of Koursouf when not on one of his raiding expeditions. This castle was situated in a large and fertile valley, entirely surrounded by high and rugged mountains, well watered by several mountain streams, and only to be approached by two passes, both difficult and easily to be defended. Nominally he was subject to the Government of Bagdad, but practically, so long as he sent a small yearly tribute, he did as he pleased, and

any complaints of the merchants concerning his robberies were disregarded or easily met by a present to the Turkish governor. Indeed the Turks would have thought twice before attacking him. His valley was large enough to support all his men, and they were numerous enough to keep any army out of so impregnable a place. None the less he acted wisely in sending the small tribute demanded of him, since there was always the possibility of treachery, even though his followers were devoted to him, and moreover he had to take into consideration that, were the Turks roused to energy, they might cut him off in one of his expeditions.

As for me, I was born on the last Wednesday in the month of Safar, a day which naturally gave my father much concern. A darweesh, a Persian, who was a man of much learning and attached to the court of Ogloo Beg, demanded an astrolabe and cast my horoscope, which he considered attentively for some time, and then raising his head he said: 'Oh, Aga, the affairs of God are inscrutable, and what is fated is fated. When thy son arriveth at man's estate, he will be sore tried and will return evil for good, attain the summit of happiness, and be cast down into the depths of misery.' At this my

father struck hand upon hand, but said nothing. Now he possessed a talisman, a jacinth, inscribed with many cabalistic characters, which he had obtained in this way. While commanding an expedition on the borders of Persia he had fallen upon a large and sumptuously appointed caravan, and after slaying the guard and plundering the merchants, the women were brought before him. One of these proved to be a Persian princess journeying with her slaves to the mountains for a summer residence; and since Ogloo Beg wisely sought to keep on good terms with those in power on both sides of the border, in case of need, instead of holding her and her handmaidens to ransom, my father treated her with all honour, and, giving her a guard of his own men, sent her on to her destination. In return she presented him with that jewel which she was wearing at the time, and which makes him who wears it prosperous and preserves from evil chance. This talisman my father now hung about my neck; and, had I not parted with it, I should have been preserved from the fate which overtook me.

My education was that usual for a boy in my position: I was taught to ride almost before I could walk; to throw the jereed in the game of war, and to handle arms as

soon as I could bear them. Without boasting, I may say that at a very early age I showed considerable proficiency in all manly exercises, so much so that Ogloo Beg himself was pleased to notice me, and would delight to see his son, who was scarcely one year my elder, contend with me in mimic warfare. It is needless to add that I always allowed him to overcome me, greatly to the delight of his father, who would exclaim, '*Afferin*, well done!' and so I not only retained the consideration of the father Ogloo Beg, but also gained the affection of the son, Hussein, who was a youth of great beauty and of a noble disposition, whom to see was to love. As soon as I grew old enough to take part in the plundering expeditions, I was attached to the person of Hussein, and more than once, had it not been for me, his ardour and impetuosity in the fight would have cost him dearly, so that he loved me all the more as the preserver of his life, and we became inseparable companions.

Now it happened upon one occasion that Ogloo Beg had plundered a particularly rich caravan of Indian merchants, which he had had notice had left Bagdad under a guard of soldiers supplied by the Pasha of that city. The guard had instantly fled upon our attack, we had slain the

merchants and taken their goods to our fastness; but since Ogloo Beg had received a private message from the Pasha informing him of this opportunity, and that the guard had instructions not to resist, it was incumbent upon him to send in return half the value of the goods taken, which he did, and appointed his son Hussein to accompany them and to present his respects to the Pasha. I, of course, went with him, and we were well received. Whether by policy, so as to have a valuable hostage always in his power, or whether he was struck by the noble bearing of the son of the mountain chieftain, I cannot tell; but certain it was that Hussein grew daily in greater favour with the Pasha, and was induced to put off his departure for many days, until at length, when he grew more pressing in desiring permission to return to his father, the Pasha announced that the governorship of Mosul was vacant, and that, *Inshallah!* God willing, he would appoint him to the vacant place. My friend immediately prostrated himself, as in duty bound, and thanked the Pasha, but desired permission to acquaint his father with the honour that had been done him, in order that he might also express his gratitude at the kindness that had been shown his son, and the

permission being accorded, I was deputed to return to Ogloo Beg and acquaint him with the fact. Accordingly I set forth, but I found that all that had happened was well known to my master, and although he did not seem to be quite satisfied with the position in which his son was placed, he was too old a diplomatist to do otherwise than send me back with many protestations of thanks and professions of duty. He argued, perhaps, that though his son might be to some extent a hostage, yet that it was easier to escape from Mosul than from Bagdad; and, moreover, as Governor of Mosul, he might procure many good things for him in the way of business.

Having received his firman, Hussein took leave of the Pasha, and set out for Mosul, taking me with him in the capacity of his vizier; and he was no sooner settled in his government, than one day, calling me aside, he said, 'My brother, it is hard for the wild hawk to be chained in the mews, even if he have all that his heart can desire save freedom; and like the wild hawk, I often pine for our valley-home, where we ever saw men around us, not slaves as here. But there is one thing in our home that might reconcile me to my banishment, the procuring whereof I would entrust to no one but thee, who art united

to me by every tie of affection. Say, wilt thou do this thing for me?' 'On my head and my eyes, oh Aga,' I replied, 'nor is there anything that I would not do for you, even were it to divorce my soul from my body!' Then he confided to me that he had long loved Zehneb, the daughter of his uncle, and that he wished me to go and demand her in marriage for him, for that he himself was unable to leave his Government. Accordingly, I set forth with many rich presents, and, to make a long story short, soon accomplished his purpose. The lady Zehneb took leave of her parents with many tears, and set forth with a caravan richly provided and many guards, for she carried a rich dowry with her. Of this caravan I had the command.

It is perhaps necessary to tell you that we Kurds give our women more freedom than is elsewhere common in the East, and as children, both my lord and I had played with Zehneb, neither as she grew older had we been altogether separated, nor had my heart escaped unscorched by the fire of her eyes. Alas! the cold embers of my love, which had almost burnt out in the all-absorbing practice of war, were again kindled into flame with my mission. She did not veil herself before me, for she regarded me as a brother almost, she said;

and I could not look upon her without longing that she should be mine. It was only by constantly recalling to myself the loyalty that I owed to Hussein, and that Zehneb was his betrothed wife, that I could prevent my lips from declaring to her what my traitor eyes could no longer conceal.

As the caravan journeyed along day by day, I rode by the side of her litter, and though I essayed to talk upon such indifferent subjects as philosophy, and the history and heroes of our race, such as might both interest her and be permitted to me, yet one glance of her eyes was sufficient to render me mute, and my troubled looks and frequent sighs could hardly escape the notice of one so acute, so sympathetic, and so friendly as she. On one occasion, when I had been relating to her some of the adventures of Rustem, a silence ensued for some time, and then she said to me, 'Oh, Yusef, thou hast related many stories to me of the might and power of the old heroes, and it behoveth me also to relate in my turn somewhat of the stories of yore, calculated to admonish the understanding and make us extol the power and perfection of God.' Upon which she related to me the story of 'El Melek en Assad, or Evil is Rewarded by Evil.'

EL MELEK EN ASSAD, OR EVIL IS REWARDED BY EVIL.

KNOW that in the days of yore, when Mahommed, on whom be peace, had returned to heaven but a short time, and the victorious armies of the believers in the true faith had converted the unbelievers of Arabia, and of Syria, and of Mesopotamia, that there was a warrior of Persia, a champion among the champions, whose name was Assad, and who had been among the first to welcome the true faith in that country. He was a man of so great might, that even the hosts of the Arabs would have been worsted and overcome had he been against them. Now Assad, of his greatness of heart and ambition, could not fold the hand of complacency upon the belly of satiety, or remain at rest upon the carpet of luxury, wherefore, when Persia was con-

quered, and the worshippers of fire overthrown, and the people were converted, and peace was proclaimed, seeing that there were no more enemies of the sons of Adam in whose blood he might bathe his sword, he set forth single-handed against the king of the Divs or Demons, in order that he might compel him also to embrace the true faith of our Lord Mahommed. Now this king was called the Red King, and he was Sultan over a thousand tribes of the Jinn, each of which was a hundred thousand in number, and every one of whom ruled over a thousand Marids, who each ruled over a thousand Afrits, who each ruled over a thousand Shitans, and every Shitan ruled over a thousand warlocks. No human foot had ever trodden the soil of his country, because of the perils and frightful sights and sounds by which it was encompassed, and which no human being had hitherto had the courage to brave or the strength to encounter. But Assad in his pride recked nought of these things, and donning his suit of mail, and girding on his scimitar, he mounted his horse, a noble beast of the Keheyleh tribe, and so set forth into the desert. Here he journeyed on for many days, until hunger and thirst overtook him, and his soul nearly departed from his body, when at length he

came upon a great sea of fresh water, whereupon he returned thanks to God for his preservation, and drank his fill. Then he tethered his horse, and sat down by the shore, because it was not possible for him to cross or to go farther. After he had sat there for some time, putting his trust in Allah the Compassionate, the Merciful, he heard a voice from a neighbouring grove chanting the blessed Koran, and drawing near, little by little, that he might see from whence the voice proceeded, he perceived an ancient Sheikh, who had taken up his abode there in an empty tomb. This Sheikh was clad in a garment of camel's hair, his locks were long and matted, and his beard descended to his knees. After salutations, the Sheikh questioned him of his coming, whereupon Assad related to him the cause, and of his desire to win-to the kingdom of the Divs, in order that he might propound to them the true faith, and save their souls from the fire. The Sheikh when he heard these words shook all over with delight, and said: 'Oh! my son, know that I am of the children of the Divs, and being converted to the true faith, I sought to bring my father, the Red King, together with his subjects, to profess that there was but one God, and that Mahommed was his Prophet; but they would not listen to me,

and scorned my words, and drove me forth from among them. Whereupon I wept, and humbled myself to Allah, and I besought Him that He would aid me to convert the blood of my blood, and not visit them with His judgment. And He sent an angel to me who swore that my prayer had been heard, and that in His good time He would send a champion who would convert them, but that I must surrender my immortality, and become one of the sons of Adam. This I accepted, and immediately I became as thou seest me; for though I am the youngest of the sons of the Red King, yet have I seen 1,040 years. Now, however, thou wilt release me from this life, and I shall attain Paradise.' Upon this, he threw certain magic herbs upon a brazier of living coal, and repeated some incantations, when immediately a ship appeared sailing without wind, until it stopped at the shore where they were. Then the Sheikh bade him depart in it, for it would carry him to the country of the Divs; and scarcely had he ceased speaking, when he became a heap of dust. Assad thereupon dug a grave, and deposited his remains therein, and having read some verses of the Koran over him, went on board the vessel. As soon as he had set foot upon it, it left the shore, and

without wind or sails departed swifter than the flight of the eagle for the opposite shore, where he disembarked, and, mounting his horse, fared on.

Now the Sheikh had informed him that he would first have to pass a stony desert in which he would be assailed by soulless bodies of hideous form, but that he must not heed them or turn his head, for if he did they would instantly slay him, nor would his valour avail him; and he had not proceeded a parasang into the desert when he was surrounded with threatening forms such as the imagination can scarcely conceive; nor would it have been possible for anyone endowed with less valour and stoutness of heart and belief in his own strength than Assad to have escaped death. For they tempted him in every way to turn his head, they filled the air around him, they clasped him round the waist, they sat on the crupper of his horse, but all this he heeded not and fared on until he had left the desert behind him and had come to an oasis, as the old man had informed him that he would, where he found dates for himself, grass for his horse, and water for both; and after he had said the evening prayers and had eaten, he passed the night there. In the morning he arose refreshed, and

prepared to go through his second adventure, which was to pass through a plain filled with wild beasts that seemed to bar his way, lions and winged serpents and basilisks and unicorns, but he recked not of them, and passed on unscathed, for as he had no fear they did him no harm. Then he saw before him a mighty wall of fierce flame, and the blast from it was as the blast from a furnace, or as the wind of the desert, and it roared like a troop of baboons in a resounding cavern. He would have feared to enter it, deeming that no man could enter it and live, had not the old man forewarned him of it and assured him that it would not harm him; and when he passed through it he felt nothing, no more than had he been riding on the meidan. When he had passed through this, he saw the whole army of the Red King drawn up before him in battle array, arranged rank after rank, and more numerous than the blades of waving corn. The air above them was thick with Afrits, whose forms were hideous enough to instil fear even into the stoutest heart. As soon as they perceived him, they gave a great cry and beat their spears upon their shields so that the sky seemed as if it were about to fall, and a hundred of their chiefest champions

galloped forward to take him and present him to their king, but though they wheeled round him and cut and thrust, yet they could not overcome him ; and he slew them one by one until he had slain fifty of them, when fear of him overcame them, their livers became water, and they fled before him, and the whole army fled with them. Assad pursued them and seized the Red King as he too was preparing to fly, and having bound him, drew his sword and made him kneel down, and then propounded Islam to him, saying : 'Either accept the true belief in one God brought to us by our Lord Mahommed, on whom be peace, or thy head shall roll from between thy shoulders.' Whereupon the Red King was convinced of the truth of Islam, and pronounced the requisite formula : 'Allah il Allah, Mahommed Rasoul Allah ;' so Assad raised him from the ground, and unbound him and treated him with honour, and after they had sat for a while conversing, the Red King said : 'Oh, my lord, since you have come among us, and we have become brothers, it is incumbent upon us to show you somewhat of hospitality ; therefore accompany us to our city in order that we may do what is necessary.' To this Assad replied, 'No harm' ; and accordingly they set

forth mounted on horses richly caparisoned, the drums beating before them, banners flying, and surrounded by the troops, until they arrived at the city of the Red King. The inhabitants thereof decorated the town and came forth to meet them and do them honour, and so conducted them to the palace. Then the Red King took his seat on the musnud with Assad on his right hand and the wuzeers and emirs and the captains and chief men around him, and he cried out to them with a loud voice, 'Oh, Jinn, this champion of the sons of Adam has come among us and has vanquished the most accomplished of our cavaliers and most valiant of our captains; and we threw out spells against him, but neither our valour nor our spells availed us aught; wherefore it is obvious that his religion is the true religion and it is incumbent upon us that we embrace Islam.' Then all present cried: 'Long live our king!' and they one and all made the profession of the faith. After this, Assad having accomplished his purpose, demanded permission of the king to depart to his own country; but he replied to him, 'What is this? You would depart and have not yet partaken of our hospitality!' So Assad remained, and there were festivities for three days, every man

eating and drinking at the royal expense. On the third night, when Assad was reposing in his chamber, he suddenly perceived that he was no longer alone, but that a lovely girl stood by his couch, accompanied only by one attendant slave-girl. Did I attempt to describe her beauty to you, no words would avail me, and I will only say, therefore, that it was such that no human pen could write or human mind conceive it. She smiled upon the bewildered Assad and then spoke in words sweeter than distilled honey, saying: 'My name is Tamineh, and I am the daughter of the Red King. Hearing the praise of thy doughty deeds and of thy prowess, whereby thou didst overcome all the champions of my father, I became enamoured of thee, and swore that I would espouse no other man. Therefore demand my hand of my father, and he will not deny me to thee.' So saying she retired, and Assad the next morning demanded her hand, which being accorded to him, the nuptials were celebrated the same day.

After Assad had remained in the city of the Jinn but a short time, the longing to return to his own country grew upon him so greatly that he could no longer withstand it, and going to Tamineh, he informed her of his longing, and that he

was about to depart, but that he must do so secretly, since so great was the love that the Red King bore his daughter, that he would not suffer him to go if he became aware of his intention. At this Tamineh wept, but prepared everything for his departure the next night; and after a tender leave-taking, and promising her to return soon, he set forth and came into his own country. Some months afterwards Tamineh gave birth to a boy, one of the most beautiful of babes, whom she named Zohrasp. As the youth grew in strength and loveliness, he became the delight of his mother and of his grandfather, but still Assad did not return, for indeed the way was arduous and he had forgotten her. Now, when Zohrasp was ten years old, he said to his mother: 'Tell me who my father is, and what is his name?' But Tamineh wept, and answered, 'Oh, my son, thy father's name is Assad,' and she went on to describe to him his valour and renown and the deeds that he had done, so that Zohrasp was eager to seek him. But his mother tried to dissuade him, for she feared that some evil would befall, and she said: 'Oh, my son, some day the memory of me will prevail on thy father and he will turn his footsteps this way again; but now

there is no one left to me but thee, and if I lose thee I lose all that I have!' Nevertheless he was determined, and when his mother saw this, she did not oppose him any longer, but gave him the finest steed from her father's stables, together with enchanted weapons made by her people, the Jinn, that must prevail against all that do not pronounce the name of God. Then Zohrasp went forth, and journeyed on until he came into the kingdom of Tartary, which was then at war with the Persians. Zohrasp, who longed to show himself worthy of his father, thought that this would be a good opportunity of performing some deed of valour, therefore he joined the army of the Tartars, who were glad to receive him, for though he was yet young, yet he showed such promise of prowess in war that they hoped great things of him. They soon reached the frontier, where they found the Persian army encamped, and the next morning the Tartars prepared to give battle. But Zohrasp went before them and stood alone in the plain, and he challenged any one among the Persians, even the greatest of their champions, to come forward and engage him in single combat. Seeing that he was but young still, the Persians mocked at him, until at

length one of them came forward to give him battle, thinking to have an easy victory over him; but he was so speedily vanquished and slain that terror seized the hearts of the Persians, and they said among themselves: 'What is this? Behold a beardless youth vanquisheth one of our champions!' And they all feared him. Then one of their oldest and most experienced warriors came forward, and the fight was desperate for a time, but in the end Zohrasp overcame him, and waving his bloody spear aloft he cried: 'Ho, Persians, are ye afraid? Which among ye will come forward and try a bout with me?' But there was no response, for each one said within himself: 'If I encounter him, beardless youth as he is, I shall be slain.' Now, as destiny would have it, Assad had joined the hosts of the Persians; for he was tired of peace and longed for war; and when he heard the challenge of this youth, and saw that among all the warriors of the Persians there was not one that dared encounter him, he was enraged, and ordering his horse to be brought to him, he mounted it and rode forth to encounter the champion of the Tartars. But when he saw Zohrasp and his tender years, his heart went out to him, and he said: 'Oh,

youth, thou art but a child still, while I am an old and experienced warrior, and if we join in combat, thou wilt certainly die. Go back, therefore, to thy comrades in arms, and perhaps thou wilt live.' But Zohrasp thought of his father, and that it behoved him to make himself worthy of him and of his lineage, and he answered him: 'Not so, warrior! but if so be that thou fearest death, behold, I give thee thy life, for I have pity on thy grey hairs; go back, and I will not harm thee!' 'Then,' said Assad, 'thy death be on thy head: in the name of God fall to.' Upon which they turned their horses, and fetching a compass, charged upon each other. In the first shock their spears were shivered in pieces, whereupon they drew their swords, which soon became so hacked that they were useless, and so they threw them away, and continued the fight with clubs until their blood and sweat poured down upon the ground, and by mutual consent they stopped to breathe themselves. When Zohrasp removed his helmet Assad looked upon him, and behold, he was a youth like the full moon, the down just appearing on his upper lip; and Assad loved him, he knew not why, and he wished to save him, so he said to him: 'Oh, youth, thou hast proved thy

valour against the greatest champion in the army of the Persians; depart therefore in peace while there is yet time, for I am loth to slay thee.' But Zohrasp's heart swelled with pride when he heard this, and he said within himself: 'If I vanquish this champion, then indeed can I appear before my father with honour, and he will take me to his bosom as his true son.' He therefore replied to Assad, whose name was yet unknown to him, 'Oh, champion of the champions, indeed I will not depart until my right arm hath given me the victory over thee.' Then they renewed the fight, and rained blows upon each other until they both reeled, and Assad began to fear for himself. So raising his club with both hands, and saying '*Bismillah*,' in the name of God, he dealt so mighty a blow upon the helmet of Zohrasp that he felled him to the ground. Then he threw himself upon him, and would have bound him, but finding that his strength availed not thereto, drew his dagger and plunged it into his side. When Zohrasp felt the dagger enter between his ribs, and knew that the wound was mortal, he gave a great sob, and cried: 'Oh my father! I shall never see thee now!' At this Assad said, "And who is thy father, oh valiant

youth?' 'His name is Assad,' said Zohrasp, 'and my mother is Tamineh, the daughter of the Red King.' On hearing these words, Assad threw himself upon him and kissed him and tried to staunch his wound, crying, 'My son, my son! And thy father's hand was predestined to slay thee!' The dying Zohrasp begged to look upon his face, and tried to comfort him, saying, 'Indeed, thou wouldst have saved me, but I was obstinate, for I wished to do deeds that would bring me honour in thy sight; and have I done so, oh my father? Am I worthy of thee?' But Assad could not answer him, the tears ran down his cheeks, and he rolled on the ground and flung dust upon his head. Presently the soul of Zohrasp departed; and his father took him up and buried him, and built a magnificent tomb over him, upon which he inscribed these verses:

I had a jewel deep hidden in the earth,
Which, when I found, I failed to recognise,
But cast it from me as of little worth,
Unknowing that I cast away my prize!
My son, my son, more beautiful than day!
Was my hand, then, more cruel than bitterest foe,
Thy father's hand, to make thy life-blood flow
And drain the roses from thy cheeks away?
Dim those bright eyes in fatal deadly strife,

Slay him to whom myself had given life?
Ah, could I give him life but once again,
But for a moment, even at the cost
Of my own life, and to my bosom strain
But once again the son that I have lost,
Then gladly would I lay me down and die,
In those dear arms eternally to lie!

When Zehneb had finished her story, I was silent for a time, and then I said, 'Truly evil is rewarded by evil; but no man can escape what is written upon his forehead, even as it happened with Mohammed ben Khosroes.' 'And what is his story?' she replied. So I related to her the following.

THE STORY OF MOHAMMED BEN KHOSROES, OR EVIL IS REWARDED BY EVIL.

ONCE upon a time there lived a Caliph in the city of Hillah, who, though he had been married for many years, yet had never been blessed with a child. At length, however, a son was born to him, at which there were great rejoicings, and the astrologers were called in after the usual custom to cast his horoscope, which, after they had considered for a time, they were silent over, until the Caliph commanded them to speak. They then said: 'Oh, Caliph, may you live for ever! Your son will be happy up to his eighteenth year, after which misfortune will overtake him, and will pursue him to his dying day.' At this the Caliph was greatly grieved, but, hoping to avoid the evil fortune predicted for his only son, he caused to be gathered from far and wide the most

potent charms and talismans that were to be procured, until at length the search after them, and their collection, became a craze with him, and he spent the greater part of his revenues on this hobby of his; for he would send expeditions to Hind and to China, and even to the country of the blacks, with instructions to spare naught in the matter of gold and silver in the procuring of talismans of the highest repute, and such as would bring their owners happiness, and in the feeing of astrologers and necromancers; moreover, if anyone should refuse to part with any charm that he might possess, his envoys were ordered to go on offering larger and larger sums until the owner was at length tempted to do so. Now, even the treasury of a king could not withstand so deep and long continued a drain upon its resources, and at last it grew so low, that even a greatly increased taxation failed to satisfy its needs; the people murmured, the troops remained unpaid, and finally, when Mohammed ben Khosroes, as the unfortunate son was called, attained his eighteenth year, they broke out into open revolt: they slew the Caliph, set the Wuzeer on the throne, and would have slain Mohammed also, and thus have ended his misfortunes at once, had he not fled to Birumis, where, in the garb of a

Darweesh, he concealed himself in a miserable hovel by the roadside. There, fallen from his high estate, he dwelt, instead of inhabiting a palace in the midst of gardens; for his former robes of silk he now had but one camel-hair garment, in place of a thousand dishes his food now consisted of the crusts doled out by fitful charity; and instead of having a crowd of obedient slaves awaiting his every command, he was himself now at the beck and call of every old woman who chose to solicit his prayers. Yet, in spite of all this, so well balanced was his mind that he was tolerably happy. From his earliest childhood he had known of the fate that was in store for him; how long had he not brooded over it, watched each passing chance, received with resignation the prospect of cruel fortune, and looked with apprehension for the misfortunes that the future might bring forth; so that he had almost longed for the period of suspense to end, and for the misfortune that was bound to come on him sooner or later to come at once. Hence it was with some sense of contentment that he now reviewed his miserable plight, and hoped that fortune had done her worst and would now forget him and leave him in peace. As he lived in retirement, duly performing his daily ablutions and prayers, his presence began

to create some excitement among such population as there was in the neighbourhood, especially among the old women, who brought him from time to time quantities of sour milk, bread, dates, and even mutton and goatsflesh. But fearing the evils of fortune he refused everything save what was absolutely necessary to sustain life, and so, greatly to his disgust, the fame of his sanctity increased. People came to him from far and near, some for advice as to the regulation of their conduct, some for augury as to what the future might have in store for them, and some for charms against evil chance ; to all of which, from the bitterness of his experience, he prophesied evil by apt quotations from the Koran, such as :—'Wheresoever ye be, death will overtake you, although ye be in lofty towers ;' and, 'Whatever evil befalleth thee, it is from thyself ;' and, 'If God should bestow abundance upon His servants, they would certainly behave insolently upon this earth.' Moreover, since few people escape misfortunes in this world, his sayings generally came true, insomuch that his fame waxed and he had no rest all day and all night for the crowd of those that sought his services, and thus his last case became even worse than his first.

Now, as it chanced, the Wuzeer who

had usurped the throne was a winebibber, contrary to the ordinances of our Lord Mohammed, whom Allah protect and preserve! And a devil took possession of him and made his stomach sick, so that he had no desire or relish for food; and the devil used to appear to him as a blue Afrit, and from that he changed into many shapes, from a squeaking mouse to a monkey, then to a bear, and at last into the shape of a roaring lion, so that the Wuzeer sought far and wide for some holy man who might exorcise this devil, who had become a burden to him and more than he could endure, and make him depart. In this way he heard of the Darweesh of Birumis, to whom he sent honourable men with rich gifts and a request that he would come to him at Hillah; for he knew not that he was the son of the former Caliph. But Mohammed ben Khosroes refused his presents, for which, as he said, he had no use and sent the messengers away, saying: 'I am a sinful mortal like yourselves, neither do I possess any power over Afrits:' for indeed, he greatly feared Afrits, and would rather have fled than have faced one. At this the Caliph was incensed, and the Afrit taunted him, saying: 'Lo, I am but one against you all; and yet thou and thy servants and

even thy holy men are afraid to meet me!' And the Afrit appeared before him as a tiny fly, which presently swelled until it grew into a monstrous bird of fearful aspect bigger than a roc, so that the Caliph could no longer support his fear and trouble, and sent an armed guard to bring Mohammed by force into his presence. When he was come, the Caliph commanded him to exorcise the devil; but Mohammed feared the power of the Afrit, and said that he was not able, and he repeated the verse: "Give the orphans their substance, and render them not in exchange bad for good, and devour not their substance by adding it to thy substance, for this is a great sin.' He also recited the verse: 'Surely wine, and lots, and images, and divining arrows are an abomination of the work of Satan; therefore avoid them that ye may prosper.' But the Caliph was enraged at these sayings, and at his refusal to exorcise the devil, and he bade the ferrashes throw him down and give him an hundred blows on the soles of his feet; and they laid on with such good will that Mohammed fainted for stress of pain, and his feet became as jelly. When they had finished, he crawled out more dead than alive on his hands and knees, groaning, into the street, and as he lay

there an old woman who was passing by took pity upon him, and set him upon an ass, and conveyed him to her house, where she dressed his feet and somewhat alleviated the pain. Now this old woman was foul of aspect and filthy, her eyes ran over with salt rheum, and her voice was harsh like a man's, in short she was a misfortune to look upon; but Mohammed was thankful for his escape and grateful to her, and he called down blessings upon her for tending him. She had not, however, shown kindness to him but out of the wickedness of her heart, for she took his darweesh's cloak from him, and clad him in slave's garments, making him to do all the heavy work of the house, and grind the corn, and see to the asses; and she would follow him about and beat him, and rail and cry out at him: 'Thou sluggard! thou oaf! work faster! do this and do that,' until he almost fainted from stress of work and from hunger, and said within himself: 'Verily it would have been better to have faced the Caliph's Afrit than to have suffered this!' In such evil plight he abode with the old woman for some time, and all hope of escape or of any change in his condition, save death, had almost left him, for every night she would bind him to a stone pillar lest he might flee from her. But one night

her bosom was contracted at the thoughts of Eblis and the fear of a future state, and she bid her slave-girl bring her the wine cups, and she ate and she drank until the wine she had taken overcame her, and her reason left her, so she desired to divert her mind by the sight of Mohammed and of his misery, and bade the slave girl unbind him and bring him before her in order that she might expand her bosom by reviling him. And when he stood before her, anger overcame him at the recollection of all the wrongs that he had suffered at her hands, and he took up a pitcher of water that stood beside her, and threw it at her so that she died. Then the slaves raised a great cry, and the officers of justice came and bound him and carried him before the Caliph, who said to him: 'Oh, ill-omened slave, was it not enough for thee that I beat thee, but thou must slay the daughters of true believers?' And he bid them beat him again, and then take him out and hang him. So they beat him until he thought that his soul had left his body, and that hanging would be superfluous; and then they set him upon an ass with his face to its tail, and a crier went before him saying: 'This is the reward of murderers!' until they reached the gallows without the city.

Now it happened that some of the chief men about the Caliph had recognised Mohammed when he was brought before him, and repented them of having slain his father and of having given the kingdom to the Wuzeer, for he was a winebibber, and neglected the affairs of state, and oppressed the people; so they rose upon him and slew him, and they sent after Mohammed, intending to set him upon the throne. A troop of horse rode forth at once, shouting: 'Long live our Lord Mohammed! Long live our Caliph!' The crowd took up the cry and rushed after them, and they reached the place of execution just as the rope was being placed round Mohammed's neck and he had given himself up for lost. The officers of justice heard the commotion, and said: 'Perhaps something has happened, it were better that we wait: for if the Caliph wish him to live, it is well, whereas if he wish him to die, we can kill him afterwards.' But just then a fly stung the ass upon which Mohammed was sitting, and the ass threw up its heels and pitched him off, so that, the rope being round his neck, he was strangled and died. May Allah have mercy upon him and end his woes in Paradise!

When I had finished this story, Zehneb hung her head, and said: 'It is true that

there is no escape from destiny, but he who always does right is protected by God, as was the case with Abou Ali. 'What is the story of Abou Ali?' I asked. So she related it to me as follows.

THE STORY OF ABOU ALI, OR GOOD DEEDS ARE REWARDED BY GOD.

HEARD from my mother, that when the kingdom of Iran was temporarily at rest under Barkiarok, he had a Wuzeer who was called Abou Ali, a man discreet and intelligent, who served God, was just to all men, and gave most of his wealth to the poor, insomuch that the people blessed him and loved him better than the Shah. For the Shah took their wealth and gave them nothing in return, neither security nor justice, nor defence nor good government, but on the other hand oppressed them and treated them hardly. So they stood before Abou Ali, and said: 'O Wuzeer, verily our Shah oppresses us, and neither our possessions nor our lives are secure from him: therefore we are resolved to depose him and

set you, *Inshallah*, God willing, in his place.' Then Abou Ali rose up and shook his collar, and descending from the divan he cried out at them: 'Oh people, what words are these? Verily ye are of little sense! Go to your homes lest this come to the ears of the Shah and he become incensed against you, and make your last state worse than the first! So they left him abashed, and went to their homes saying: 'There are indeed few among us who being offered the throne would have refused it!' But Abou Ali, when they had left him, struck hand upon hand, and said within himself: 'In sooth it were best that I informed the Shah of that that hath happened, lest he hear of it from others.' So he disposed of his property, and set free his slaves, and then, seeking an audience from the Shah, told him of what had occurred, nor did he conceal anything from him, and he added: 'Verily I fear for thee, Oh Asylum of the Universe, lest they offer the throne to other than I. As for me, I am less than the least, but there are none who would not turn from thee saving myself.' At this the Shah was perplexed, but concealing his anxiety, he praised Abou Ali for his rectitude of conduct and loaded him with presents, and so sent him away; then he turned over in his mind how he

might get rid of him, for he feared him and there were none among his officers or chief people whom he might trust. Therefore he sent for the chief of his hareem, and commanded him to take with him forty of his most trusty Memlouks, and go up to the house of Abou Ali when the shades of night had obscured the light of day, and to plunder his house and seize him and convey him quickly into the desert, where they were to put him to death. 'On my head and my eyes,' said the chief: but he was nevertheless grieved for Abou Ali, who had shown him much kindness, and his heart was heavy within him. When evening fell, he accordingly went with forty of his most trusty Memlouks, and they knocked at the door of Abou Ali's house and said: 'Open in the Shah's name!' So he opened to them, and they plundered it and set seals on the door, and they took him and bound him and set him upon a horse, and rode forth with him into the desert. Then the chief dismissed his men, saying: 'The Shah's commands are for me to obey,' and he fared on with Abou Ali until they had come to the borders of Persia, when he alighted from his horse, and unbound him, and treated him with honour, seating him beside him on his carpet, and gave him to eat, putting morsels into his

mouth with his own hands. And he said to him: 'Oh, Abou Ali, I am not of those who forget kindness done to them at the hands of others: is it not written in the sublime Koran: "We feed you for God's sake only, we desire no recompense from you, nor any thanks; verily we dread from our Lord a dismal and calamitous day; wherefore God shall deliver them from the evil of that day, and shall cast on them brightness of countenance and joy." Therefore, Oh Abou Ali, take this horse, together with a sufficiency of food, and go thy ways, for it is not safe for thee to be seen in the Shah's dominions.' So Abou Ali thanked him and fared on, not knowing whither he went, but putting his trust in God, the Protector, the All-powerful. Now he had taken with him all that he had that was great in value but little in bulk of jewels and of money, and whenever he saw a poor man, he would give him a handful, saying: 'This is for the sake of God.' And they would pray for him and call down blessings upon him. Thus it happened with him until he reached the country of Hind, which is a pleasant country abounding in wealth, with flowing rivers and shady trees. As he entered the city he heard a commotion, and going to see the cause, perceived that a man was chastising his slave, while the slave, who

was an old man with white hair, wept and excused himself, saying: 'Verily, I am old, and I am not able to do more than I have done.' So Abou Ali went up to the master, and saluted him, and asked the cause of the beating and wherein his slave had offended him. To which the master replied that he was lazy and would not work. Then Abou Ali was moved with pity for him, and said: 'Show kindness unto parents and relations, and to orphans and the poor and the traveller and the captives whom your right hand shall possess.' And he would have ransomed him, but found that none remained to him of all the wealth and jewels that he had fled with. So he said: 'Give this old man his freedom, and something wherewithal to live upon, and take me, who am young and vigorous, as thy slave in his place.' At this the master was pleased, and called out: 'Ho, neighbours, ho, true believers, I take ye to witness that this man hath sold himself to me of his own free will, and the price is ten pieces of silver and this slave.' And they said: 'We are your witness.' Then Abou Ali doffed his robes, and put on the garment of a slave, and worked for this man; his lot was hard, and he had to eat many stripes, but still he repined not, for he said within himself: 'Verily God will not wrong any-

one even the weight of an ant; if it be a good action, he will double it, and will recompense it in His sight with great reward.' Thus was his state for a great while; but it chanced that one day, as the master, according to his custom, was looking on at the work of his slaves in the garden, that he was angry with one of them and ordered him to be thrown upon the ground and beaten. Whereupon all the slaves rose against him and seized him, and treated him vilely, and would have slain him, but Abou Ali cried out at them: 'Ho, Caffour, ho, Hassim, verily it is written, "He who forgiveth and is reconciled unto his enemy shall receive his reward from God, for He loveth not the unjust doers."' And again, '"For those who persecute the true believer, and afterwards repent not, are prepared the torments of hell." Therefore, Oh fellow slaves, do no hurt to your master, but leave his punishment to God!' So he persuaded them to leave him, grievously wounded, it is true, but they refrained from taking his life. Then the master departed and returned to his abode and dressed his wounds; and when he was somewhat recovered, he sent for Abou Ali, who came and stood before him in a respectful attitude, his hands concealed in his sleeves. And his master said to him, 'Oh, Ali, I should

not have escaped from those accursed slaves had it not been for thy faithfulness and fortitude, and inasmuch as thou hast risked thy life for mine, I give thee thy freedom and also the hand of my daughter, my only child, and I adopt thee for my son.' After Abou Ali had thanked him, they made a great feast and celebrated the nuptials, the festivities lasting for three days. Then the father-in-law appointed him master over the slaves, so he looked after them, and treated them justly, and they all loved him and did his behests. In this way they abided for some time until his father-in-law had fulfilled his appointed days, and he died. Then Abou Ali sold all his possessions, and loaded his goods upon camels, and set out on his way towards Iran, for he was tired of dwelling in a country that was not his own ; and he journeyed on until he came to the town of Bunpore where he found all the people assembled without the gates, who, when he came up to them, hailed him as their Sultan : for it was their custom whenever their Sultan died to assemble without their gates, and the first stranger that passed that way they would make Sultan in his place. So Abou Ali accepted the throne of Kohistan, and he lived in the town of Bunpore in the enjoyment of all felicity

until he was visited by the terminator of delights and the separator of companions.

Zehneb finished her story thus, and she added that this showed how those who fulfilled the commandments of Allah attained happiness. Nevertheless, I was not convinced, for was I not compelled by love? And so I related to her the following.

THE STORY OF GHERIB AND BÄIDA.

ONE day as I was wandering in the neighbourhood of our home, pursuing the fleet gazelle with hawk and hound among the stony mountains, I suddenly came upon a cave in which I found dwelling an old Darweesh. His only garment was a camel-hair cloth, his skin was brown with dirt, and his hair and beard were long and matted. There he sat counting his beads or prostrating himself in prayer; and ever and anon he would take up a great stone and beat his breast, crying out the names of God. I went up to him and questioned him of his case, saying, 'Oh Darweesh, verily I have hunted in these districts many years, but never yet have I met such as thou.' 'Oh, my son,' he replied, 'in truth my story is a sad one, and will serve as an

example to those who would be admonished.' He then proceeded as follows.

My name is Gherib, and I loved Baïda, the daughter of my uncle, whose name was Achmet Decab. Baïda was as the waving willow wand, like a branch pearled with dew; her face put to shame the shining sun, and her eyes were languishing, such as would steal away the soul; in short, she was endowed with the uttermost of amorous grace, and resplendent with beauty and perfection. But her father was a covetous man, and desired more for her than he could get from me, her cousin; and therefore he put off our marriage with excuses and subterfuges, although she loved me, saying that she was yet young, or that he must prepare for the marriage feast, or that some of our relations were away: in short, he said anything that he could think of in order that he might gain time, and perhaps escape from his obligation to give her to me. Now the beauty of Baïda was so great, that the fame thereof spread far and wide among the tribes, and her father had many offers of marriage for her, all of which he was obliged to decline on my account, saying that she was already betrothed. But one among her suitors, who was a rich man, and owned many flocks and herds and droves of camels, resolved nevertheless to

see her in order that he might verify with his own eyes the report of her extraordinary beauty; and he therefore visited Achmet Decab, who entertained him hospitably, and he stayed with him three days, in the course of which he saw Baïda tending her flocks, and knew that report, so far from exaggerating her charms, had been unable to do her justice. Thereupon the flames of love were kindled within him, and he offered her father a large dowry, though Achmet Decab, much to his regret, was unable to accept it owing to me and to my superior claim; and he informed the suitor, whose name was Said Salem, of the case. So they consulted together, and Said offered me much wealth if I would give her up: but I replied, 'Oh, Said, wert thou to offer to me all the riches of the Arabs, yet would I not take it save together with Baïda.' At that he went his way, but her father was enraged at losing the riches that would have been his. After that he sought to get me out of the way that he might then demand his daughter's dowry suddenly, for if it were not forthcoming, he might then give his daughter to whom he pleased. So he sent for me with a deceitful heart, and treated me with honour, and said: 'Truly, my son, we have been longing for thy union with our daughter; and we did

not tempt thee with riches save to prove thy love for her. Would that thy union were accomplished, nor is there ought standing in its way save thy poverty: for she is used to plenty, and is not accustomed to a hard life. Therefore it is incumbent upon thee to obtain riches. Thou art valiant and experienced: why then dost thou not make a raid upon some one of the neighbouring tribes or towns, and so remove the only obstacle between thee and her?' 'Upon my head and my eyes, oh my uncle!' I replied. So I got together of our tribe of the most daring of the young men, and set forth on my expedition. As soon, however, as I had been gone some days' march, Achmet Decab demanded his daughter's dowry; but I had guarded against this by leaving in the hands of four of my kinsmen what was necessary, who paid it over to him before witnesses; nor could he refuse it, so that when I returned he could no longer make excuses to postpone our marriage, and he knew that I would be informed of what had taken place and return quickly. Then, so great was his rage and disappointment, that he resolved to sin against his own blood, and, calling before him his son Zalan, who was Baïda's half-brother, commanded him to join me, and under the guise of brotherhood and friendliness to

seek an opportunity to slay me secretly, so that it might appear that I had been slain by the enemy. Accordingly Zalan set out and came to me, and I welcomed him and treated him like a brother. The next day we made a descent upon the people of Mechrimeh. Spears were bathed in blood, arrows flew in clouds, sword clashed with sword, and valiant men were laid low. In the midst of the fight I chanced to turn my head and saw Zalan in the act of poising a javelin against me. I warded it off with my shield, and Zalan, seeing himself detected, with the courage of desperation seized another with the intention of again attacking me, although he knew that I was superior to him in the exercises of war: but before he could poise it, I spurred my horse upon him, and with my falchion split him in two halves, so that the one fell on the one side of his horse and the other upon the other. When the fight was over, and we had driven off the flocks and herds and had added them to those we had taken before in a secure place in the desert, I had leisure to reflect upon my case and upon the misfortune that had overtaken me. For my uncle was now become the avenger of blood, and would seek to destroy me, and I could not become the husband of Baïda. I wept when I reflected upon the

perversity of my fate that was before so flourishing, but it had become necessary for me now to take some measures for my own safety, so I withdrew to another tribe, whence I wrote to Baïda giving her an account of Zalan's treachery, deploring the adversity of fate and our separation, and begged her to give me some token that in spite of all that had happened she still loved me. I also sent her the following verses:

Beneath the palms, their gentle fronds still bending
In murmuring greeting to the balmy wind,
I saw thee, love, thy fleecy charges tending;
Oh, that I ne'er had seen thee, or been blind!
One glance you shot. Ah me, a never-ending
Flame that glance kindled in my peaceful mind,
And straight I loved thee with a love transcending
Love ever fired in man by womankind!

My eyes that brought those flames on me endeavour
To quench with tears love's agonising pain;
Alas, alas, I might weep on for ever,
Without thy love recovery is vain!
Ask weary Night, and she will tell thee never
Through all her watches o'er the dewy plain
Are my lids closed in balmy sleep, but ever
Look for the rising morning star again.

O love, my love, if thou canst pity show it
While yet a spark of life remains in me!
If thou canst not, then let Death have me, so it
Release me from my yearning misery!
Grant but one grace (ah, would that I might know it
Before I died, that I might gladdened be!)
Forget me not—think of me sometimes, though it
Remind thee also that I died for thee!

Then I sealed it, and sent it by a secret messenger, so that it should come into her hands. When she had read it, and understood its contents, she wept and fell down in a swoon, and after she had recovered she replied to me as follows:

I am content for him I love to bide
All evils that sad destiny hath wrought;
So let him blame who will, and who will chide.

God knows, I ne'er recall thee to my thought,
My loved one, but, straight from my brimming eyes
The streaming tears gush forth with which they're fraught!

Though I my griefs conceal for fear of spies,
My hollow cheeks and tears still me betray:
Now thou art gone, I only breathe in sighs.

What though the sun shine! Still it is not day;
There is but darkness where there should be light,
While thou, my love, art elsewhere, far away!

Like a left hand, forsaken of the right,
I feel now thou art gone; to whom shall I
My soul unburden, thus abandoned quite?

'Console thyself with others' love,' they cry;
Nay, by thy life, by my love's life, I vow
I'd go through fires could I win thee thereby!

I supplicate Him, who doth part us now,
That we may meet once more, in spite of foes,
And in a blissful union end our woes!

This was a consolation indeed to me in my misfortunes; but though we managed

to exchange a certain amount of correspondence, yet it was impossible for me to relax any of the precautions I was taking to preserve my life. Achmet Decab dared not come near me where I was, but neither dared I go near my old home: for, unless I killed him, which I might certainly do, my life was not safe from hour to hour; whereas, if I did kill him, I should only give rise to another blood feud and be no better off than I was before. At length in answer to my many complaints of the pain of absence, I received a letter from Baïda appointing a meeting in a cave well known to both of us, situated upon the other side of the mountain against which our tribe had encamped. My joy upon the receipt of this epistle I will leave you to imagine, and I need not tell you that I did not fail to keep the appointed time. On the date given me I set off early, and with due circumspection, travelled two-thirds of the distance and then hid myself in a retired spot to wait for the shades of night to fall. As soon as it began to get dark I resumed my journey, and as the moon was just beginning to rise and shed its tender beams, so dear to a lover's heart, over the stony waste, I arrived at the trysting-place, where I tethered my horse in the innermost recesses of a cave and then took up a

position among some broken rocks whence I could see and yet not be seen. I had not waited long, when I saw Baïda approaching. She appeared troubled in mien, but made light of all obstacles in her way as only an Arab girl could. Ever and anon she stopped and listened, clearly, as I thought, for me, for it was not yet the full time appointed: then she would hurry on again until at length she arrived at the cave. I heard her call my name in a low voice, and needed no second summons before I was at her side. Ah! how can I describe to you our mutual transports at meeting each other again after so long an interval, rendered twice as long by the sharp impatience of love and doubting as we did that we should ever see each other again? It seemed that we had hardly exchanged a word, when she suddenly started back, and looking fearfully around, informed me that my life was in the greatest danger. She had come at the peril of her own to warn me that our correspondence had been intercepted and that the letter inviting me was none of hers but merely a decoy which she had discovered by the merest accident but a few hours ago. Seeing some of her relations assembled armed at her father's tent, her suspicions were aroused, and listening behind the

curtain, she overheard the whole plot. Achmet Decab had decoyed me here, and, while I unsuspectingly awaited my Baïda, he hoped easily to surprise and overcome me. She had scarcely finished her recital when with a shriek she threw herself in front of me, and almost at the same instant fell at my feet pierced through the heart by a javelin, while the war-cry of my tribe rung in my ears. I stooped down to kiss her, and saw that she was dead: my heart became filled with the fury of ten thousand devils: I drew my sword, and rushed down upon my enemies blind with rage; I attacked madly, and the first person I encountered was Achmet Decab, whose sword I beat down, and whom I instantly slew. Then I turned upon the others, nor did I know what afterwards happened, so blind was my fury, save that shortly afterwards I found that all my enemies had fled, leaving two of their number besides Achmet Decab dead behind them. When there was no one left to fight, my senses returned to me, and I went back to Baïda and lifted her tenderly up. How beautiful she was in death! Gently I closed those loving eyes that never again would respond to my impassioned gaze, and smoothed those tresses for the last time with my trembling hands. That fearful glance was gone, her

features were composed in peace, she would feel no more of the griefs and anxieties of this world: her woes were ended, even as she had supplicated the Most High—may our union be a blessed one in Paradise! Then I dug a grave, and laid her in it, while my tears ran in two rivulets at my feet. Her body I covered over with sand, but left her face free, for I felt that the sand might choke her. Then I piled large stones around and over it, and sat there three days weeping and reciting verses from the Koran, while the vultures and jackals demolished the carcasses of those I had slain. After this I wandered away as one distraught, I know not for how long, until I took up my abode here; where I daily pray that the Merciful One will release me from this life and reunite me with my beloved where separation can never more come.

Zehneb wept when I had finished my story, and said: 'Alas, it is true that there is no security for love in this life, but only in Paradise!' By this time we had arrived at our journey's end and were entering the city of Mosul, where separation would come upon us, and the hearts of both of us were full. Yet a few steps, and we should enter the palace of Hussein, after which our companionship would be ended for ever,

and I should never set eyes on Zehneb again, much less hear or talk to her. Already a guard of honour had come forth to meet us, and presently Hussein approached and embraced me, and then led the way at the head of the procession to a palace that he had prepared for the reception of Zehneb, whose nuptials were to be celebrated on the morrow. After this I followed him to the Governor's palace. He was full of questions as to the events of the journey and of our old home, but every word from him was as a stab in my heart. I could not talk, so full were my thoughts of Zehneb and of our separation, and I answered him but absently. Then he commanded the slaves to bring the table, and we washed our hands and sat, Hussein feeding me and commending the dishes, but I had no appetite and I could not eat. Then they set the sweetmeats before us of a hundred different sorts, and he conjured me to eat; but when I essayed to do so the conserves seemed to dry up in my mouth, and I was not able to. So he ordered them to set the wine before us, wine from Shiraz of the choicest, and he filled a cup and handed it to me, and said: 'Oh Yousef, drink to the happiness of thy brother Hussein and to his speedy union with Zehneb, the beloved

one.' Whereupon I drank, and said: 'May all happiness be theirs!' Then Hussein said: 'Tell us somewhat of Zehneb, and of her beauty, for thou hast been with her many days and hast enjoyed her company, nor would I have entrusted her to any one but thee.' Upon this I hung my head, and said: 'Oh, my lord, it is in truth of thy kindness that thou commandest me to speak of one whose charms are such that any word concerning her is delightful; but I desire of thy goodness that I may be excused, for my tongue is inept, and I have not yet recovered from the fatigues of the journey and my fear and anxiety concerning her safety.' Whereat he laughed, and said: 'Oh Yousef, indeed we would not force thee; but since thy bosom is contracted, perhaps the hearing of music will dilate it.' Then he clapped his hands, and a slave girl appeared more beautiful than the Moon; and behind her came another slave girl carrying a lute in a bag of silk. And when she had seated herself, she drew the lute forth, and tuned it, bending over it as a mother bends over her child; then she swept her hands over the strings, and they wailed as a lover mourning the loss of his beloved. After a prelude played in seven different manners, she sang as follows:

Like the Cassia branch is she,
Oh, my soul, so slim and fair !
Sweet as honey from the bee :
None can with my love compare !

I saw the bright Moon rise on high,
Amidst the constellations pass :
My love is like the Moon, I cry,
As unattainable, alas !

I fear to die of grief. Ah me !
A burning fire consumes my heart
There is no greater agony
Than that when weeping lovers part !

Be sparing of your blame on one
Who must endure a lover's pain :
There is no hope left to me, none,
That I shall meet her e'er again !

Then peace be on thee, fairest love !
Nought in the world of power or pelf,
No being on earth, or heaven above,
Can compensate me for thyself !

When she had finished, I gave a great cry and fell back senseless; and Hussein sprinkled me with rose-water until I had recovered. Then he said to me: 'Oh, my brother, I did not ply thee with questions concerning Zehneb but of my desire to prove to myself what I knew before, namely the love and affection that thou bearest to her. Know that I was with the caravan the whole of the journey in the guise of a camel-driver, and listened to thy

conversation with Zehneb, and to the stories that were related between you; and I became aware that thou didst love her, and that she loved thee in return. Nevertheless thy loyalty to friendship, and her loyalty to her betrothed, withstood the temptation of mutual love. Oh Yousef! if thou wert not my brother I would not do what I am about to do: for I also, in seeing and hearing her and learning the nobility of her mind and the beauty of her understanding, learned to love her too. But thou hast the first right to her, since she loves thee, and I yield her up. We will celebrate your nuptials to-morrow.' When I heard this, I threw myself on the ground before him, and kissed his hands, and thanked him in stammering words. Then I drew out the Jacinth from my bosom, the talisman which my father had given to me and which I had worn ever since, and it had never left me, and I said: 'Oh, my Lord, thou hast overwhelmed me with thy bounty and kindness, and thy slave hath neither words to thank thee nor aught to make in return to thee for thy beneficence. But deign to take this jewel, which alone, of all I possess, is not wholly unworthy of thy acceptance; for good fortune can do no harm even to those who enjoy the highest of the gifts of God. It is a

talisman by virtue of which the wearer ever has good luck;' and I related to him its story: whereupon he took it and thanked me, and tied it round his neck.

The next day my marriage with Zehneb was celebrated with the utmost magnificence and pomp. Hussein appointed me to a subordinate governorship at Jaffa; and I took up my residence there, dealing justly with my people, and was beloved by them in return. But one day as I was riding along by the seashore with but few attendants, in order that I might examine more closely a ship which was anchored hard by, a number of men suddenly darted up from behind the sandhills, where they had been concealed, and seized me together with such of my attendants as had been unable to fly, and hurrying us on board the vessel, weighed the anchor and set sail; so that I knew that they were pirates. They sold me to a dealer in slaves at Alexandria, who would not listen to me when I told him who I was, and that I was a true believer and a free man whom it was not lawful to enslave; nor would he believe that I was able to pay ransom, for he perceived that I was a Kurd. So he sold me to some merchants of Barbary, and now I am become what you see. Destiny had marked me out for

misfortune; I am cast down from the highest happiness to the lowest depths of despair, and scarcely have a hope left that I shall ever enjoy felicity again in this life.

I tell this story as one that I thought to be worthy of remembrance and one of those that served to beguile some of the tedious hours of my captivity. There were besides others, not unworthy of notice, one especially, which was told to me by a High German, a slave of sinister aspect, who called himself Wolfram von Rabenbach, which I think worthy of relation; though, indeed, I hardly know whether to give credence to it or not: for it contains many wonderful things concerning the power of Satan over mortals, which were more frequent in past ages than in these times. This slave related to us one evening the story of his life, as follows.

THE STORY OF WOLFRAM VON RABENBACH

I NEED not begin the story of my life with any account of my early youth, which passed without any noteworthy event, much as that of others; but I will begin from the time that I entered the service of Count Dietrich von Schneckenstein, lord of Schneckenstein, at a time when I was yet scarce eighteen years old. The castle of Schneckenstein was situated on the summit of a lofty pinnacle of rock, the spur of a still higher mountain, and all around was a dense pine forest, the home of the deer, wild boar, wolf, and occasional bears. The cultivated plains beneath served to sustain the laborious population of many villages, who all owned the Lord of Schneckenstein for their master

Our days were passed in hunting and the exercises of war, and our evenings in wild carouse; when Count Dietrich with his knights and any stranger guests that chanced to be passing that way and claimed his hospitality, would drink and sing and swear until the early hours of the morning. There was nothing to hinder him or to soften his manners. His wife had been dead many years, leaving an only daughter who was called Hildegard, and who was, at the time I am speaking of, the only lady in the castle. But she never appeared at her father's board, being still young, only fourteen years of age; and she passed her time in the ordinary occupations of females with her women in a separate wing of the castle. I had been about a year in Count Dietrich's service before I saw her; and though I had heard that she was very beautiful, I had never given much thought to her until one day when being on guard, I saw her passing from the castle gardens to her bower. I had no sooner seen her than, young as we both were, I had fallen in love with her; but, on my part, it was a hopeless love, for how could I hope without either rank or wealth to be able to carry off the heiress of the house of Schneckenstein? For her part I doubt that she ever saw me, or if

she did, that she ever noticed me amidst the crowd of her father's retainers; and I was compelled to nurse my love in silence. This I would willingly have done for an indefinite time, for it was sufficient for me to worship her at a distance so long as I had no fear of any rival; but, to my great distress, the confessor of my Lord of Schneckenstein recalled him from his selfish pursuits to think of his daughter who, as he pointed out, was now growing up to womanhood, and whose beauty was so renowned that it only needed a public declaration from her father that he was willing to entertain the idea of marriage for his daughter, for a crowd of suitors for her hand to come forward. Count Dietrich took this advice to heart, and since he knew of no one more suitable for a husband to her than another, he adopted the usual device of proclaiming a tournament (though such jousts were rather out of date), the winner of which was to be rewarded with his daughter's hand.

This announcement cost me the utmost perturbation of spirit. How could I hope to prove victorious in a tournament against the most accomplished cavaliers of the age? And if I were, how could I, without rank or wealth, be accepted as a suitor for her hand? One afternoon, almost beside myself with these thoughts, I wandered

forth into the woods. It wanted but a few days to the tournament. The weather was lowering and portended a storm. Already as I walked beneath the giant pines they sighed to the first blast of the gale. Soon murky clouds began to discharge their threatening drops of moisture, the heavens grew dark as night, blinding flashes of lightning were followed by peals of thunder that shook the earth ; the wind howled and roared, making the trees to groan and creak and crash around me. But the turmoil of the storm hardly echoed the fury within my soul as I struggled on in an ecstasy of rage. I cursed my fate, I cursed the elements and bade them do their worst, I cursed the day on which I was born, I cursed my life, and I cursed the life to come! Suddenly a terrible flash of lightning blasted a tree just before me ; recoiling almost blinded, I was recovering from the shock when I saw a figure clad all in red emerge from behind the ruined trunk. Though my spirits a moment before had been madly excited, a sudden horror seized me at the sight of the stranger. I would have turned and fled had I not been paralysed. A thousand thoughts of fear, anger, horror, and of flight, chased each other through my brain as I stood uncertain what to do ; but

before I could determine anything the stranger accosted me—that is, I seemed to know what he said though no words were expressed. It seemed to me that he knew all my past life—of my love, of my longing, and of my despair; and that he gave me the promise of success in the forthcoming tournament upon one condition: it seemed to me that he assured me of the attainment of all I wished during this life if I would agree to serve him in the life hereafter. I loved too deeply to refuse; and straightway he produced a document already engrossed and with my name in it, and then handing me a pen he pointed out the place where I was to sign. 'One drop of blood,' he said, 'to write your signature is enough for me; we need no seal.' I drew my poignard and bade him use it on my arm; but he fell back and said that he could have no hand in it, and that I must do it myself. So I drew blood and signed. Then there came a roll of thunder more terrible than any I had yet heard; lightnings played around and a cloud of sulphurous and other mephitic vapours surrounded and almost suffocated me, so that I lost my senses for a time, and when I had regained them the stranger was gone, but there near by me, tied to a tree, was a war horse

laden with a complete suit of magnificent armour. As I turned home cowed and sad, leading my new possession by the bridle, the storm began to abate, dying away in wails and sobs, but the tempestuous air seemed to my imagination to be thick with unseen beings, that could be felt although they could not be seen. A rush of wings accompanied me as I went, howls and groans were intermingled with sad sweet cries, among which I could distinguish the words 'Lost! lost!' drowned in shrieks of fiendish laughter. The rain now ceased, but the wind still wailed dirges through the trees, and night was coming on apace. As I groped my way onward, strange shadowy forms seemed to dog my footsteps, and stranger creatures seemed to follow me through the branches overhead. Ghastly faces would appear from behind the trunks of the trees, faces that curdled the very marrow in my bones, so terrible was their expression or so awful the agony they betrayed; while ever and anon some frightful flying thing would sweep by me so closely as to brush my face with a touch that froze me.

At length I reached the castle again, and hid the horse with its precious burden in one of the outlying stables. Then I

retired to my chamber and thought over all that I had gone through. My first impulse was to confess all to Father Kussmaul, the chaplain, and seek to expiate by penance the frightful doom I had incurred. But could I sacrifice all hope of happiness in this life for fear of the shadowy penalties in the life to come? Oh, Hildegard! who that had once seen thee would not sooner have braved the deepest depths of hell than have foregone one gentle regard from thee? In pain and terror I watched during the next few days the preparations for the tournament; in pain because I now lived a haunted life, my nights were full of awful dreams, I seemed to be dragged down into deep abysses by the most frightful demons, and would awake in a cold sweat and trembling. In terror I passed my hours lest the promises of Satan should not be fulfilled; and I, inexperienced and weak, should be vanquished by the practised warriors who already filled the castle. Every day, two, three, or half a dozen would arrive, and dreadful were the riots and debauches among them of nights. Each one brought with him a squire and retainers, and every hour there would be measuring of muscle, and deep wagers on the prowess and skill of their several lords, while I looked on as one distraught.

The noise and clamour of their tongues, the braying of the minstrels, the quarrels of the masters, the snarling of their hounds, all went through my brain like the whirling of great mill-wheels, and I had almost given up my love and started for Rome when the eventful day arrived. The jousts were to begin at noon, and it was scarcely an hour before that time when I escaped from my duties and stole away to where my horse and armour were concealed in the forest. There I armed myself cap-à-pié, and set forth; nor had I gone a few yards when I heard the clattering of hoofs behind me and the tootooing of a horn. I reined in my steed and looked round, when I saw one in the guise of a squire, so evil a face I had never before seen, who, as soon as he saw me stop, called out: 'This is no time for delay, my Lord, the joust is begun!' 'And you,' I cried, 'who are you?' 'I am your squire,' he answered, 'and come whence your horse and armour came; onward, we are late!' In despair, I put spurs to my horse, and we arrived just as the last pair were engaged. It was a warm day; the lists were almost hidden in a cloud of dust, which, however, did not rise to the high tribune where Hildegard sat, the Queen of the tournament, among her maidens. No

questions were asked me, and I did not raise my vizor, though many gazed curiously at my deviceless shield of maiden whiteness, and whispered among each other: 'A stranger knight!' There was a rush of horses, a mighty shock, and one of the combatants lay senseless on the ground. Then my squire rang out an aggressive blast, the knight was carried off, and I and the triumphant conqueror stood face to face in the lists. I could not see his face, for his vizor was down, but I recognised by his shield the knight of Berghausen, a bull-necked stalwart chief who had been the favourite of the wagerers. The air was rent by shouts as he pranced proudly round, which he acknowledged by a slight inclination of his head; and when I advanced, I could see that he looked me over from top to toe, observed my weak arm and slim build, and made sure of an easy victory. Then we wheeled our horses round, and after doing our obeisance to the Queen of Beauty, took up our positions at the further end of the lists and awaited the signal of the herald. After three blasts from his attendant trumpets he cast down his wand, and scarcely had it touched the ground when we put spurs to our steeds and met in the centre of the lists. His spear only touched my armour when it

shivered into a thousand fragments; while mine, blunted as it was, would have done him no further injury than to unhorse him had it not broken off at the end, and by some mischance pierced him through the eye, and to my astonishment and horror, stretched him lifeless upon the ground. The ladies shrieked, and there were angry murmurs among the Lord of Berghausen's men; several of his knights made for their horses and lowered their vizors, but the Count of Schneckenstein signed to a body of his men-at-arms to form up between us, and, frowning fearfully, summoned me as the victor to accompany him before the Queen of Beauty. 'I cannot accuse you of want of skill, Sir Knight,' he said, 'for none but a skilful knight could have withstood the Lord of Berghausen, who was doubtlessly born under an unlucky star; nevertheless, we did not look for such an end.' At this moment we came up to the throne where Hildegard sat blushing among her attendants; and the Count bade me remove my vizor and kneel down to receive the wreath. '*Himmelkreuzdonnerwetter!*' he ejaculated, starting back a pace or two; 'why, it is our Wolfram!' He gasped with rage, the big veins stood out from his forehead, and he cried out to the guards to seize me and instantly clap

me in one of the most loathsome cells beneath the donjon keep. But Hildegard rose from her seat, and with a glowing face waved back the men-at-arms who were already advancing. 'Father,' she said, 'is this the way you keep your plighted word? Did you not offer my hand to whomsoever should prove victorious; and because the victor proves to be one of your own household, is he, he who has brought honour to your roof, to be refused?' I seized her hand and kissed it, while the Count seemed to be irresolute, and finally bade me 'take off those things' and return to my duties while he thought the matter over.

There was some trouble about the death of the Knight of Berghausen. His followers wished to have me delivered up to them for punishment, and swore that it was a foul stroke: but the Count would not listen to them. 'I will bury your Lord with pleasure in the most honourable way,' he said to them; 'but Wolfram is of gentle birth and there is no dishonour in dying by his hand. 'Tis all fortune and chance: had the knight killed Wolfram, though he be of my own house, I should have borne him no malice. *Potztousand*, why all this fuss?' And I verily believe that their grumbling did my case good;

for the Count was thereby forced to take my side, and so came to think better of me. Nevertheless, he would not listen to my suit; and once when I ventured humbly to recall to him the labours I had undertaken for the promised guerdon, he only answered: 'Away, and be thankful that so far you have escaped my resentment, nor let me cast eyes upon you if you love your skin.'

I therefore kept beyond his view; for, indeed, his nature was hot: but I ventured, whenever I got the chance, to throw myself in the way of Hildegard, and from exchanging a few words, we came, little by little, to meeting often as 'twere by chance; and thence to talk, to confidences, and so to mutual love. But I was constantly in fear lest her confessor should get wind of the affair and reveal our secret to the Count, and so either get me banished, or get her married to one of her many suitors, or, perchance both. I therefore in one of our conversations urged my fears, to which she replied that, indeed, they were well founded, and that she dare not dispute her father's will. Then I urged her to fly with me beyond the power of her father, but this she feared to do: 'Nay,' says she, 'that would be evil.' Again I urged the certainty of our separa-

tion, that it was her father who had done evil in breaking his parole: for had he not pledged her hand to the victor in the tournament? Could she bring herself to be the wife of another? At this she wept and bemoaned her hard fate, compelling her either to disobey her father or to lose her lover; and shortly afterwards we were forced to part; but I had reason to hope that another attack would bring her to yield, and therefore went to consult my squire, him of the evil countenance, who since the tournament had joined the body of the Count's men-at-arms, but who was really only my valet. I ordained him to have a couple of horses waiting at the postern gate so soon as it became dark, and, when the time arrived I took my mandoline and sang these verses beneath her bower:

Listen, fair maid, to a lover's prayer!
Wilt thou not hear me, my own sweetheart?
Bid me, oh, bid me not despair!
Then say me not nay, my true love, I pray,
Oh, list to me, darling, my life, my soul,
Oh, list to me, darling, my own sweetheart!

I only live now thy love to gain;
Wilt thou not love me a little, sweetheart?
Let me not think I love in vain;
Then say me not nay, my true love, I pray,
Oh, say thou dost love me, my life, my soul,
Oh, say thou dost love me, my own sweetheart

Tell me, my love, thou wilt be mine :
Wilt thou not say it, my own sweetheart?
I've given my love, then give me thine ;
Oh, say me not nay, my true love, I pray,
Wilt thou not say it, my life, my soul,
Wilt thou not say it, my own sweetheart !

And if thou dost thy love deny
(Thou'lt ne'er be so cruel, my own sweetheart !)
Then I must lay me down and die !
Oh, say me not nay, my true love, I pray,
Thou'lt ne'er be so cruel, my life, my soul,
Thou'lt ne'er be so cruel, my own sweetheart !

I had hardly finished, when her adorable figure appeared on the terrace. She flew into my arms, and weeping, said : 'No, Wolfram, I am not cruel, I have given thee my love as thou hast given me thine.' We exchanged some love passages, and then I told her of my preparations ; how the horses were now in readiness. and I drew a picture of herself in the arms of some lord chosen for her by her father and myself pining in banishment ; then, falling on my knees, I besought her to prove her love for me and to fly upon the instant. She wept an abundance of tears, but, nevertheless, at that moment she could deny me nothing, and, to my inexpressible joy, she yielded, though beside herself for fear. Yet so great was her confidence in me, and so great her horror of our separation, that

she allowed me to lead her out, and we were soon mounted and on our way.

My squire had informed me that a castle was provided for us, and thither we urged our steeds: but I hope my bride saw not what I saw on the way, hideous shadowy forms, that seemed to wring their hands and wail, while others seemed to urge us on in fierce diabolic delight. We rode along, hand in hand, neither of us seeming to have any heart for talk, as lovers should have, for we were both of us too much absorbed with our own thoughts: Hildegard with the step she had taken in running away from her father and I with terrible fears of the danger into which I had led the confiding girl. At length our guide pointed out a black spot crowning a rocky height, which, as he informed me, was to be our home. To reach it, we had to descend into a deep and dark ravine, in the depths of which we could hear, though not see, a rushing torrent. We scrambled down to it with some difficulty and danger owing to the darkness, but would not have ventured to cross had not a blue flame suddenly shot up from the bank at the opposite side just where the ford was, and showed us where we might safely pass. So frighted was Hildegard that she

clung as close to me as our horses would permit, nor would anything have persuaded her to go forward had not her fear of returning equalled her present fear. From the depths of the ravine we toiled up a rocky narrow path until we came to the outworks of the castle, whence continuing between embattled walls we arrived at a frowning and gloomy portal. I had never seen the place before, nor, indeed, knew that such a castle existed in the neighbourhood. It is true that I had heard that in the direction which we had taken there was a haunted wood in which no hunter would dare to allow the shades of night to overtake him, and many were the tales I had heard of the awful things that had been seen there; and belike for this reason my lord of Schneckenstein never cared to turn his footsteps that way,—certainly, I had followed our guide the more readily because I considered that we were in less danger of pursuit in this direction than had we taken another, but the horrors of our ride and the eerie aspect of the castle, I think, had begun to shake my nerves, and had I not had to comfort and reassure Hildegard I do not think that I should have had courage to go on. Though the night was dark, and our way had only been illumined

by some fitful moonbeams that stole out between the scudding clouds, yet every stone of the old crumbling walls was visible to us clothed in a sort of phosphorescent light of their own, but the casements were mere black cavities, excepting a row of great windows in the distance belonging as I guessed to the banqueting hall, which were all lit up with a ruddy glow which waned and again waxed as if from the flames of a furnace. Yet all was deathly silent, though we were near enough to have heard sounds of revelry had there been any, as the lights indicated. When we halted at the edge of the moat, the vapours from the stagnant waters of which smote our nostrils like the poisonous steams of the plague, we could see no watchman or warder, nor indeed, was there any sign of life visible. Then my squire sounded a discordant blast on his horn that seemed to freeze the very marrow in our bones, upon which the drawbridge slowly descended with many creaks and groans, and we passed into the courtyard. Here, however, we still saw no one, but he of the evil countenance seemed to reck of none of these things, and merely motioned us to a crumbling archway which stood in the corner beyond a ruined fountain. We entered, and found

ourselves on a dark but broad stone staircase, that led into a hall or banqueting chamber, spacious enough, but merely lit at the further end by a few ill-burning sconces sufficient to show that the table was spread. We were hungry after our ride and all the fears we had gone through and took our seats at the daïs at the head of the table; whereupon a trumpet sounded and in trooped men-at-arms and varlets, at least so they seemed to be, but they were all clad in some sort of grey stuff that gave them a sort of shadowy look, and all wore their hoods drawn over their heads so that their visages were hidden. One only saw here and there an eye which shone with a strange lambent flame such as I had never before seen in human countenance. They made their obeisance, and there they sat as silent as death, and had we not noted now and again a turn of the head or seen them raise their hands to their mouths, we should have thought indeed that we were in the company of the dead. Even as it was, Hildegard was in an agony of terror, and whispered, asking me whither I had brought her. Amidst such chill surroundings it was some comfort to see the meats smoking on the board, but when I had helped my Hildegard and myself, we found them icy cold,

insomuch that some fear began to enter even into my heart, small as the matter was; but, taken with all that had gone before, I think I had some cause for fear. Poor Hildegard could not touch a morsel, but sat looking at me, afraid to show how fearful she was, and indeed, I had much ado to put on a cheerful countenance, for it was not a cheerful feast. The hall, as I have said, was only dimly lighted, and such vagrant moonbeams as managed to struggle through the heavily mullioned windows seemed but to make more spectral the grey and silent guests. The roof was in utter darkness, and here and there it seemed to be gone, disclosing through a tangle of rafters a few dim and distant stars. Outside, the wind moaned drearily, and ever and anon a gust shook the mouldy tapestry that still festooned the walls, causing them to wave to and fro so that the faded figures worked into them seemed to be endued with life, and looked all the more weird in the flickering of the torches. Now and again, too, an owl or a bat, attracted by the light, would brush past, almost touching the table, so that neither of us could do more than sit still and look, for we were deprived of all appetite for food. After the feast had proceeded for some space, one of the figures, who ap-

peared by his habit to be the seneschal, rose up in his place, and in a hollow voice spoke words of welcome for the bride and bridegroom ; then he bade his fellows fill their cups and drink to us—to our ETERNAL DAMNATION! They all arose in their places, and as they did so, their hoods fell from their heads and each one was revealed to us as a skeleton ; as they waved their cups in their bony hands, blue flames shot up from them which they poured down their cavernous jaws ; but we saw no more, for Hildegard had swooned in my arms, while I, in a frenzy of fear and horror, had seized her up, and rushed with her into the ruined chapel which opened into the hall behind our seat.

Here all was quiet. The pale moonbeams struggling with the rising dawn shone coldly through the broken windows upon the many sculptured monuments of priests, and lords and ladies who once had lived here, but now were mouldering into dust. With warm kisses upon her icy forehead I restored my darling back to life, and she had hardly come to, when, seeing where she was, she threw herself before the altar and clasping my hand in hers, commended our souls to God. Shouts, and howls, and blasphemies, together with the rattling of

bones, resounded from the hall without, while, as if awakened by these cries, horror upon horror! the graves gave up their dead, and the chapel began to fill with filmy gibbering ghosts in numbers that continued to wax until the chapel became so full that they seemed to stand within each other, and crowded, pressing threateningly around us. With a mind full of anguish I looked at Hildegard, fearing that she would go mad with horror and fright, and would, if I had dared, have cursed my folly for my impatient dallying with the Evil One; but the brave girl seemed to gather more courage as the need for it became the greater, and, throwing her arms about my neck, prayed earnestly and without ceasing. Still the ghosts thronged nearer, with everincreasing threatenings, and forms of demons seemed to arise out of them that pressed into the front rank and made as though they would seize us. Nearer they came, and I felt redhot claws searing into my flesh, but Hildegard still remained untouched as though some heavenly power were guarding her. Me, however, they seized, and they were dragging me away, though she clung to me with tears and prayer, when a sudden inspiration came to her; she

tore off the crucifix she had been wearing and threw it round about my neck. With a howl the demons started back, but only for a moment, and then one among them pierced her with a dart, and she fell cold and dead into my arms. What happened after that I know not. I seemed to fall into an ecstasy, and see a troop of angels come down, whose very sight put all the ghostly forms to flight. They seemed to lift my Hildegard up and bear her away to Paradise, while the ground rose up, the walls of the castle fell, and I found myself lying on the bare rocks in a desert place as the morning sun began to gild the clouds. Only the crucifix which my sainted love had placed about my neck remained to show that what we had suffered was aught but an awful dream. I staggered to my feet, and guiding myself by the sun, set forth to expiate my sins at Rome, if it were possible to save my sinful soul; and so, wandering on, I presently found myself at Marseilles, where I took ship, and the next day in a calm was captured by these heathens. This is my story. If I die now, I shall die damned, and never meet my Hildegard again.

By these stories and the like, our labours were somewhat beguiled, but it

was a fearful life; and though owing to our numbers, our work was not so heavy as it would have been had we been the slaves of any one but the Dey, yet, so terrible were his moods that no one who came near him, not even the greatest of his subjects, was ever safe from the most horrible of deaths. To work too fast or too slow, to salute him or not to salute him, were equal offences in his eyes. When he stirred abroad it was always on horseback, and any horse he had once bestridden it was death for any meaner person to back. Before him went the greatest of his officers, then came a cavalcade of soldiers galloping hither and thither, and executing marvellous feats of horsemanship while they fired their small arms into the air or into the ground. He himself was surrounded by black slaves, some running before and some behind, while it was the office of one to carry an umbrella over him, and woe betide him if he let one ray of sunshine touch his countenance. In his hand he always carried a dart with which he would transfix any one that angered him, and beside him ran another slave, whose only office it was, when his master darted his weapon into the air, which he would do when it irked him to carry it any

longer, to catch it before it fell; in which, if he failed, as like as not the Dey would order him to be tossed, which is a punishment peculiar to the Turks, and done in this manner. Four or five strong blacks seize upon him on either side, and stooping a little, suddenly straighten their backs at the same time throwing him up with all their strength, with his feet upward, so that he pitches down with his head foremost. In this by much practice they are so dexterous that they can make him fall how they please, and according as the Dey signs to them they either break his neck at the first toss or let him fall on his shoulder, when at another sign they will toss him again until he be dead, or the Dey signify that it is enough. Others of the Dey's slaves are scarred all over by his dart, and in particular that one which bears his umbrella, for at the least offence he will make use of it. Indeed, to show what sort of a temper he hath, and how terrible he is, I cannot do better than relate a story that was credibly told me of his youth, when he was newly come into his kingdom.

THE STORY OF HELIODORA.

AT the time the Dey was newly come into his kingdom, he was warring not only with the Christians by sea, but also against his brothers that contested the kingdom against him at his father's death; when he not only showed his people that he was a lion in the fight, but also showed them that he was a better general, young as he was, than any emir his brothers could bring against him. Now it happened, after that he had won several great victories, and driven his brothers to take refuge in the mountains with such few of their followers as remained to them, he retired to Algiers, where he sought to consolidate his kingdom and rest for a while from the fatigues of war. Nor had he been there long, when his fleet arrived in port, having on board much riches plundered from the Christians, and also many slaves, among whom was a most beautiful Greek girl whom the

captain had brought as a present for his sovereign. This slave indeed was a miracle of beauty, a very jewel, barely seventeen years of age, and such as one might scarcely conceive to exist in the flesh or in any other way than in the conception of the great sculptors of ancient times. I need not say that no sooner had the Dey seen her than he fell deeply in love, insomuch that he could take no delight out of her company, and his love increased little by little until he utterly neglected the affairs of his kingdom, leaving his emirs to do as they pleased, and oppress and plunder the people, while the enemy that was before utterly routed and obliged to skulk in caverns and difficult places, began again to take heart of grace in the general disorder, and so to harass the kingdom that there was no security or peace from end to end. In these circumstances the Janissaries, or soldiers, began with open voice to murmur, complaining that their lord consumed his life effeminately and that they were left without employment while the kingdom went to ruin; while the poor commonalty were oppressed on the one side by their rulers, and on the other by the enemy, so that they too began to broach open sedition, saying that their lord was no lord for them, since he

conferred no profit on the kingdom but allowed them to be eaten up from without and within. Yet there was none that durst declare any of these things to the Dey, for they all knew his terrible humour: and, moreover, he was so deeply steeped in love for the beautiful Greek that it was no light thing to draw him away from her. Thus it was that his people began to despair of a remedy, and began to be of one mind to yield no more obedience to him, but to choose some other prince to be Dey, more martial and more warlike, that would rid the kingdom of its enemies and make the emirs give some account of their government. Now, among the counsellors of the Dey, there was one that was called Hamed, the greatest favourite that he ever had, who had come almost a boy into his army, and had distinguished himself in several actions. Having thus come under the young Dey's notice, and being, moreover, a youth of great parts, frank and noble, and of a merry humour, the Dey grew into great familiarity with him, insomuch that he allowed him to enter his presence whenever he would. This Hamed was heartily grieved at the infatuation of his master and the danger into which he had fallen of being bereft of his kingdom, and re-

solved that, come what might, he would seek to draw him away from the Greek. When, therefore, he perceived a convenient time, such as he desired to have, he repaired to the Dey who was walking alone in his garden, and after he had made great reverence according to the custom, he said: 'My sovereign lord, if thou wilt permit me to speak freely without fear, I have that to tell thee which greatly concerns thy State, and what is still more important to all thy loving people, the safety of thy own person.' To which the Dey answered merrily: 'Cast aside all fear and speak freely what is on thy mind, for who shall speak to me if thou mayest not?' Then Hamed continued: 'I doubt that what I say may be displeasing to thee, but believe me that nothing but the love and reverence I have for thee compels my tongue to wound thy ears; and indeed, I fear that I have kept silence too long.' He then proceeded to tell him as gently as he could, what was the state of his kingdom, how the enemy were pressing upon him, how the emirs governed and oppressed the people, and how the people murmured; so that the kingdom was ripe for rebellion, and there was already talk of deposing him and appointing a new Dey. Then he exhorted him to attend to the

government and leave off his slothful life. 'Be now,' he continued, 'a conqueror of thyself, and separate thee from thy slave; or, if so be the Greek delight thee so much, who shall prevent thee from carrying her with thee on all thy expeditions, and why canst thou not both enjoy her company and use the practice of arms? And if I have spoken anything disagreeable to thy mind, pardon the same according to thy wonted clemency, and impute the fault rather to my sense of duty, and the care that I have of thy honour and safety.' The Dey, when he had listened to the discourse of his friend, stood as though he had been struck by a thunderbolt: his eyes were fixed upon the ground, his chest heaved, his breath came fast and thick, his colour changed, the veins in his forehead swelled, and, in short, he discovered every sign of agitation and unquietness of mind, insomuch that Hamed, seeing him in these alterations, was in doubt of his life. A furious battle raged in the mind of the Dey, for he knew that Hamed had spoken the truth, while on the other side the beautiful eyes of Heliodora seemed to plead with him to continue in his perfect love and happiness, and the idea of abandoning her was as though he contemplated tearing his own heart from his bosom.

With great rage he turned upon Hamed and said: 'Before the sun shall once again turn in the heavens, I will let thee and others know what power I have over myself, and whether I am able to bridle my passion or no. Bid the emirs and bashas and grandees, and the captains and principal men assemble to-morrow in the great hall of the divan, where I will meet them, and now, if you value your life, be gone!' The next day, all the emirs and bashas and grandees, and all the principal men, together with Hamed, were assembled in the great hall of the divan, wondering what the Dey's words had portended, when, to the sounds of drums and cymbals, the Dey entered, leading Heliodora by the hand. When he had come to the throne, he stood still, and cried with a loud voice: 'Ho, emirs and grandees, it has been brought to my understanding that ye complain I devote too much time to this fair being, to the neglect of the affairs of my kingdom, and that I am weak and unable to overcome my passion and am unworthy any longer to command you.' Then he drew the veil from the face of Heliodora, and all present were amazed at her beauty, insomuch that they could only murmur Allah! Allah! extolled be the perfection of Him who hath fashioned

thee! And they placed the finger of admiration in the mouth of wonder, and stood there dumb as fish newly taken from the seas. Then the Dey said to them: 'Which among you that possessed this miracle would have done otherwise than I have, or would have endured any moment apart from her?' To which the assembled great men of the kingdom cried with one voice: 'None of us, O Dey; may we be your sacrifice, had it been vouchsafed to us, we should have done even the same!' 'And which among you,' cried he, 'would have done as I do?' And so saying, he drew the glittering falchion from his side, seized the fair Heliodora by her yellow hair, and drawing her head back, cut her ivory throat with one stroke from ear to ear, so that she fell on the ground, and her life's blood welled out over his feet. With a terrible frown he commanded them straightway to assemble their men-at-arms, and to meet him the next day to march against the enemy, when he fought as even he had never fought before; for he raged among them as a lion that has lost its whelps, until they were utterly defeated, and those of his officers who had oppressed the people, he caused to die by the most horrible of deaths, nor did he pass over any dereliction of duty in any one, so that

people hardly dared to move for fear of him, and they regretted that they had aroused him from his sloth. For many years he was never seen to smile, but waged incessant war with all the tribes round about until old age grew upon him; but even at the present day it is whispered that he starts and weeps and groans in his sleep, and agonised cries still ring through the palace in the dead of night of 'Heliodora!'

Such is his character, yet, when it pleases him, he cares for none of the state and appanage of his magnificence, and will go a-hunting like any other man, enduring heat, and thirst, and fatigue. On these occasions, a body of slaves go before, bearing with them the camp equipage, and such of his women as it pleases him to have with him, on a train of camels, which are marvellous tall beasts, having a neck twice as long as a horse, and a great hunch growing out of the midst of their back, as big as a peck. They are covered with wool something like a sheep, and are cloven-footed like them, yet their feet are round, something about the size of a trencher, and soft, so that they can walk equally well on the hard rock or yielding sand. Their strength is very great, for they will carry as much on their backs as four

horses, and continue marching at a slow pace for two score hours without meat or rest. Now, it so befell that the Dey bethought him of setting out on a hunting expedition in the mountains, and I among the other slaves set out the day before in the manner that I have described. When we had got into the wild and rugged parts, we made our way to a delightful valley, into which there was only one entry, through a long and narrow gorge, by the side of a mountain torrent. This valley was wholly surrounded by mountain cliffs, whose scarped, inaccessible faces added beauty to the scene, by the veins of colour, blue, green, and red, that ran through them in wavy lines. The valley itself was a verdant garden, watered by the torrent of which I have already spoken, through which it rushed in a series of miniature cascades, sprinkling its mossy and fern-covered banks with sparkling diamonds as it pursued its impetuous course, and ever and anon spreading into broad, quiet pools, that lay smiling in the sunshine. Here we pitched the tents, amidst groves of oleander and palms, on a carpet of flowering plants of every sort and kind, that gladdened both the eye by their rich colours, and the senses by their subtle perfumes; that is, we pitched the pavilion of the Dey, and

the tents for his women and their slaves, and raised huts of branches for his immediate servitors; but all the hunters and the guard were posted outside the valley, which could not be entered or departed from, save by the gorge through which we had come. On one side of the stream were the servants and on the other, hidden by the groves, the tents and ground devoted to the women, where no man excepting the Dey might intrude, save at those times when they were confined to the inclosure walled by camelcloth, and guarded without and within. Then we, that is I and the other slaves appointed thereto, worked in the garden, and made art look more natural than nature.

On one of these occasions, overcome by the heat of the sun, I had stolen aside to an inviting thicket of tamarisk, and lay down in the shade to sleep. How long I slept I know not, but I was awakened by women's voices, and, looking forth, saw that I had slept too long, and the women were disporting themselves in the garden. My position, I need not say, was one of great danger, and brought fear even to my spirit; for I well knew that, were I discovered, I were as good as dead. One shriek from a woman, and I should be instantly cut down by the swords of the

guardians of the seraglio, and even if my life were preserved for a few hours, it would only be to die a worse death by the orders of the Dey. Although this fear was ever before me, yet could I not restrain my curiosity to look forth, and creeping forward with the utmost caution, perceived two women walking toward me, one of which that walked before, seemed to be sorrowful, while the other, a slave, seemed to be trying to divert her with cheerful talk. It was clear that the first was a favourite of the Dey's, for she was dressed in the richest garments of heavy silk, embroidered with pearls, the sash round her waist was shot with gold, gold ornaments hung from her neck and arms, and her hair, plaited into a thousand strings, was one mass of glittering little coins. Dazzling as was the beauty of her dress, no eye that once reached her face could again leave the enchanting view; for her countenance combined all that was most beautiful in feature with a nobility of expression that revealed the rare dignity of her soul. To say that I forgot the danger of my position, that my senses deserted me in the entrancing contemplation of so divine a being, would but poorly express the sentiments I felt. I was like a sparrow feebly fluttering down from

his secure perch into the jaws of a jewelled serpent; only the comparison would be unjust, inasmuch as she was as innocent as the dove, nor was she aware of my presence. Just as I was weakly staggering forth from the friendly concealment of my bower to throw myself at her feet, and so consummate my ruin, my good star willed that she should pause, and turning to her companion she said: 'Zuleika, the sun waxes warm, and my heart is oppressed; leave me for a time to repose in solitude, and perchance I may sleep.' Her words arrested me for the moment, for they were like the voice of the nightingale complaining for the loss of its beloved; yet hardly had she ceased, and again I was about to go forward before even the back of her slave was turned upon her, when again I was arrested, for she began to recite the following verses, which I made no doubt applied to her own case:

What is there can ever ease me,
  Or my gnawing sorrows let?
Would the joys of heaven e'en please me,
  If I might not there forget?

Out, cruel Memory, cruel and partial!
  Shall peace ne'er be mine again?
Though past joys thou dost remarshal,
  In oblivion rests the pain.

Base Enchanter ! Sorrows lightened
By half-memories sweet appear :
Happinesses past are brightened,
From all earthly dross made clear.

Art, O Memory, scarce was needed
Glamour o'er the past to shed ;
Daily joys, almost unheeded,
Thou recall'st, now they are fled.

Thou recall'st each gentle sorrow—
Salt, that to my jaded taste
Savoured pleasures, when the morrow
Brought new joys and grief displaced.

Ah, sweet Memory ! grant, I pray thee
This request : if I may not
Forget past happinesses, may the
Present at least then be forgot.

Hardly had she ceased this lamentation when I threw myself at her feet. She was too amazed at my sudden appearance to cry out, and before she could recover, I had told her in incoherent sentences of my devotion and readiness to risk everything for her sake. She hastily drew her veil over her face, but I could perceive that she was much agitated, for she trembled violently, but at last commanding herself sufficiently, she managed to ask me who I was. I told her that I was a gentleman enslaved by the Dey, a slave like her ; and renewed my offers of assistance, forgetting for the moment my sad and powerless state. Whereupon she

wept, and warned me of my danger, and, indeed, the danger to both of us if we were discovered. 'Go,' she said, 'my servant may return at any moment; we are at least companions in sorrow, and I will contrive a meeting to-morrow, when we can talk more securely.' I saw the wisdom of her words, and withdrew to my seclusion. Shortly afterwards the slave girl returned, and they went away together, though not without a parting glance from my mistress in my direction, that was at once a warning to be careful and a reminder that I should meet her again. Then, taking advantage of the overhanging bushes, I slipped into the stream, and diving under water, regained the opposite bank unseen.

On the next day, after our morning work in the garden had been performed, I did not linger behind, as I had done unwittingly before, fearing lest I might be missed, but at midday, when everyone, from the Dey to the meanest of his slaves, was wrapped in slumber, excepting perhaps the guards, I slipped under a bush by the waterside, and gathering some weeds, bound them about my head. Then I floated slowly across, nothing showing above the surface of the water save the weeds, until I arrived at the spot I had left the day before, when I lay down and

awaited my mistress. She came, I think, earlier than usual, for the sun was still high though to my eager fancy I had awaited an endless time. Then telling her slave that she felt sleepy, she bade her keep watch within call that no one disturbed her, and hardly had the girl left than I was beside her. She asked me many more questions as to my condition, how long I had been a slave, and how I hoped to escape? And partly in order that I might the better contrive how this might be brought about, as well as to satisfy my curiosity, I begged her to tell me her story, which she obligingly did as follows.

THE STORY OF UMEIMEH.

AM a native of Maloola, a village situated in some respects similarly to this present spot, for it lies among the mountains which cover the country to the north of Damascus at the mouth of a ravine as narrow, but more terrible, than the gorge through which we came here. Ah! stranger, how the memories of my childhood welled up before me on that occasion. How I pictured to myself my father's house clinging to the side of the cliff, and again fancied that I saw the figures carved upon the rocks, of men in strange costumes, which I was told represented the sons of our first father Adam. Days past, that, alas! can never come again. How much happiness have I known since, followed by how much sorrow! It is perhaps well that I knew not what was written upon my forehead,

or I should have anticipated the dart of Azrael before the appointed time.

In this beautiful village I grew up tending my father's goats in the daytime among the mountains, while in the evening I assisted my mother in her household duties. One day, as I was resting during the noontide heat in one of the numberless tombs with which the mountains are honeycombed, I heard the loose stones rolling outside, and presently a youth entered and seated himself to rest. In some fear as to whom the intruder might prove to be, I instantly retreated to the further end of the tomb, which was in complete darkness, and whence I could scan at my leisure the figure of the newcomer. I saw at once that he was a youth of consideration such as I had never seen before, whether in my own or in neighbouring villages. He was richly dressed in the silks of Damascus, and was evidently on a hunting expedition in our mountains. But since his dress proclaimed him to be a gentleman, I felt reassured, and was, I confess, greatly taken with his face, which was at once handsome and engaging. As I continued to contemplate him from my safe retreat in the darkness, and wonder when he would leave me at liberty to escape, he shifted his position slightly, when

to my horror I saw that he had disturbed a sleeping snake, one of the most venomous known to me, which was already rising up on its coils preparatory to striking him. In the darkness he could not see it, nor did he move, and in another moment he would have been as good as dead, but, before I knew what I did, I dashed forward and broke its back with my crook; thus unwittingly revealing my presence to his amazed sight. He started up, and laid his hand upon his sword, but when he saw that I was merely a girl, he looked at me inquiringly as to what my sudden action might portend. I pointed to the dead snake at his feet, whereupon he saw at once what had happened, and drawing me forward to the mouth of the tomb so that he could see me, kissed the hem of my garment, and thanked me in a few honest words that went straight to my heart, so that I forgot in my pleasure that he was a stranger, and only his glance of admiration reminded me that my veil was not drawn over my face. In haste and confusion I covered it, and was about to fly from his presence, when he seized my hand, and lifting it to his forehead, besought me to let him know to whom he was indebted for his life? I told him my name, and my father's name, whereupon he

let me depart, and I went out into the blaze of sunshine to gather together my scattered flock, all the time thinking over my adventure with the handsome stranger, whose face and mien and expression I found for ever haunting my imagination. This was a new experience to me. I had heard many stories and poems during the long winter evenings which mostly turned upon the passion of love, and the extravagances which two mortals will affect to win to one another, and I wondered whether this that I felt within myself could be that passion? For, every day, as I led my flocks to their pasture, my thoughts would recur to this youth until his imaginary presence became a sort of companion to me, so rarely was his image absent from my memory. One day not long afterwards, my mother bade me prepare for marriage, and she was sufficiently acquainted with the curiosity of her sex to inform me that my intended husband was both young and handsome, and one of the richest merchants of Damascus to boot. I need not tell you that I immediately became the heroine of our village, the object of envy of all the girls, regret of many, if not of all the youths, and dislike of the matrons. Indeed, I would thoroughly have enjoyed the triumph of my position had it not been

for the memory of the bold unknown who had dared to speak to me and to steal away my heart on that sultry day in the cave on the mountain-side. What could I do, however, but obey my parents and prepare for marriage, except sigh in solitude for what might have been? You will readily imagine my joy, therefore, when I saw at the ceremony of marriage, that my future husband was no other than the unknown whose life I had saved in the cavern. In due course I received magnificent presents; and on a certain Thursday night, after the preliminary ceremonies, I was conducted under a crimson canopy to my husband's temporary residence. The unveiling brought no fears of disappointment to me, for I knew that my husband had seen and loved me before. We took leave of my parents after a short period of blissful happiness, and removed to my husband's home at Damascus. Every day he would sit in his shop in the merchants' bazaar, and after he had bought and sold, he would return home and we would take the evening meal together, after which we would resort to one of the public gardens of the town, where, sitting by the flowing waters, amidst the whispering trees, where the nightingale still sang his praises to the rose, we would enjoy the cool fragrance of

the evening, and, hand linked in hand, our souls would commune together without any necessity for words. In this pure enjoyment we subsisted for some time until it became necessary for my husband to depart with a caravan of merchandise to Balsora. He took leave of me with many touching expressions of love: and I, who had never yet since our marriage been parted from him, could hardly bear the thought of separation. I besought him to remain with me, alleging my foolish fears for my loneliness. Are we not rich enough, I said, for you to give over your travels in order that you may enjoy what you have? But he only smiled and kissed me, saying that he would be away but a few months, and then, *Inshallah*! he might think of what I had said. He bade me be of good cheer, but I was full of forebodings that I should never see him more; forebodings which he laughed to scorn, but which, alas! proved only too true.

Now the Wali of Damascus was a notorious evil liver who had not the fear of God before his eyes. No justice was to be had from him for the poor man, and his hand was heavy on the province, so insatiable was he in his extortion. Nor was it any use for the inhabitants to complain, for he was liberal in his bribes to those above

him, and the more he had to pay away in bribes, the more eager was he to replenish his coffers by grinding the faces of his wretched people. Unfortunately for my happiness, my reputed beauty had come to the ears of this man, and he ardently desired to gain possession of me. Having learnt that my husband was about to take a journey, he disguised some of his Janissaries as Bedouins, and putting himself at the head of them, fell upon the caravan suddenly and at night, a time when the real Bedouin but rarely attacks. My husband was slain, and his servants put to flight, but one, more faithful than the rest, concealed himself at a little distance, and when the murderers had retired, returned, bringing with him the corpse of my husband. Then the news spread fast that the Bedouins had attacked and had scattered the caravan, and the Wali as in duty bound came to inquire into the facts, for, of course, he was responsible for the safety of travellers. He came into the mandarah, where the corpse was laid out with the face turned towards Meccah, and surrounded by weeping women, wailing and casting dust upon their heads, while holy men were reciting verses from the Koran. I was watching the Wali from behind my veil when he entered with the cadi and his

other officers. He pretended to be much moved, but I could see that he was ill at ease: his looks were troubled, not as by grief, but as if he feared the avenger's stroke. Suddenly my husband's mother, who had been sitting by her son's corpse wailing and never taking her eyes off those loved features, knowing that in another hour he would be buried, gave a great cry and started upon her feet. All turned and looked, and behold! two dark streams of blood were flowing from the wounds towards the Wali, and all knew that he was the murderer. He left abruptly, bidding us bury the body at once, nor did we dare to accuse him of the murder, and if we had, it would have been useless. Long afterwards, I questioned a learned Hakim how it was possible that a body once cold should bleed afresh when in the presence of the murderer, as if to cry out before God against him who made the wound and divorced the soul from the body, and he explained to me that by the virtue contained within the hidden recesses of the corpse, the humours, and especially those of the blood and of the bile, are moved and stirred within it, insomuch that by a certain secret movement of Nature, not readily to be understood, this interior virtue seems to require vengeance. There-

upon, suddenly the bilious humour is stirred by a certain virtue appertaining to the blood, and is moved and leaps within the vessels because of the swiftness and promptitude of its movement. This humour, then, being moved and inflamed, the blood is liquefied and runs forth at the wound, which is the proper gate to show itself at. The vaporous spirit contained within the blood then suddenly directs it straight towards the murderer, especially should he look upon the corpse with attention, which act causes the blood to swell within the wound by reason of that wonderful and hidden motion by which the blood excites its spiritual essence, and reciprocally, the spirits move the blood, so that it flows once more. This shows the unreason of those, who, without knowledge, philosophy, or science, would argue that the spirit of one slain lingers for a while within the body, so weighed down is it by the desire of vengeance, and hence, when the murderer approaches, it becomes suddenly inflamed with anger, the blood is heated, and again flows from the wound; while at the same time all the spirits of the various parts fly together by virtue of their natural legerity, and straightway being directed by the animosity of the soul, force the blood in the direction of the murderer.

Be this as it may be, however, it was clear that the Wali was much disturbed at this public evidence of his crime, and especially that it had occurred in my presence: and, indeed, if it had been possible for me to hate him worse than I already did, that would have made me do so. After the funeral I remained in my house, not going forth for the space of about a year, during which time my sole consolation was the hearing of praises of my dead husband from his mother's lips. She gave me his history from his childhood upwards, enlarging upon the perfection of his understanding and the strength of his lion-like heart, whence she would commonly digress into the character of his father, her husband, in whom, it seemed, had dwelt every virtue that it was possible for man to have: fit father of so noble a son! When we had no more to say, we broke out into sobs and tears together, which would relieve the black humours from our veins and enable us to pass through the tedium of another day. At length an old woman of our acquaintance called upon us, and after condoling with me for a while upon my widowhood, she said: 'But, after all, it is not good for women, neither is it respectable, that a young woman like yourself should live unmarried and without the

care of a husband;' and then she began the praises of the Wali, who, she said, was a man of power to whom no parent in Damascus would hesitate to give his daughter and feel highly honoured at the chance. 'Nevertheless,' she went on, 'there is only one who can command his heart: the report of thy beauty has penetrated to his ears, and he desires only thee. What reply shall I make to him on thy behalf? I do not know what reply I should have given, what torrent of abuse I should have poured out in the fury of the moment, had not prudence come to my aid in time for me to check myself. I got rid of her as best I could by some excuse such as that I required time to think over so important an offer, and as soon as she was gone gave free vent to the grief and passion that consumed me at the memory of the murder of my husband and the cynical effrontery of his murderer in demanding my hand. When I had calmed somewhat, and could think over the situation, my thoughts chased each other confusedly through my head. I could think no course of action out, only one idea stood clearly before me: that of intense, bitter, and undying hatred to the man who now sought me in marriage. In marriage! Heavens! Was not this the hand of Allah

who now threw this man into my power? My husband's blood still cried aloud for vengeance, and, behold! after all these months the sword of retribution was placed in my hand, and blood could be made to flow for blood! My mind was made up, I grew calm and collected. In place of the whirl of confused thoughts, but one, clear and unalterable, stood forth in my mind, like the chiselled images we see upon the rocks. When the old woman called again the next day, I managed to express a due sense of the honour that the Wali conferred upon me by his choice, nor was it long after that before I found myself his wife. Oh! how I loathed the man! As he lifted my veil, my hand closed around the hilt of the tempered blade that lay hidden in my bosom. For a moment he stood aghast at the face he saw, a basilisk rather than a woman, in another moment my dagger was plunged into his black heart, and he fell dead at my feet.

Leisurely I went to the box at the side of the room and arrayed myself in male garments, over which I threw a woman's cloak, and drawing my veil over my face, went out by the back door, and mingling with the festive crowd in the courtyard slipped out unnoticed into the street. I had only one sensation, that of joy that my

husband's blood was now avenged, and by me! For myself I neither thought nor cared whither I turned my steps. In a few minutes, I rejoiced to think, my vengeance would be discovered and it would be known that that vengeance was mine; but I should be sought for high and low, and I did not choose that they should find me so easily. Throwing aside my woman's cloak, I passed along in the shadow of the walls and as much out of the brilliant light of the moon as was possible, and hurried along the labyrinth of streets. Then, in the silence of the night, I heard distant cries and the sound of horsemen, and knew that the Wali had been found and that his guards were even now searching the town for me. How I hugged myself for joy! But my vengeance would be more complete if they were unable to find me, and there was no time to be lost. Seeing an open door, I went inside, and casting myself at the feet of an aged lady whom I found sitting there, and kissing the hem of her robe, I begged her to save me from the avengers of blood. Without a word she rose up, and taking me by the hand led me to a spot in the courtyard. Then she pressed a particular stone in the wall, which turned on a pivot and disclosed a hidden staircase. Down this she led me

to an underground chamber, magnificently furnished, decorated in gold and ultramarine, and lighted by a silver lamp that hung from the ceiling. I had arrived at my hiding place none too soon. Whether someone had noticed me and had notified to the guards the direction in which I had gone, I do not know ; but, in any case, they were very soon at the entrance of the alley in which my protectress had her dwelling. Across this they drew a guard, and then proceeded to search every house. That of my protectress was the last searched, but my hiding place remained undiscovered ; indeed, the searchers merely spoke to the lady for a short time and then looked carelessly around. When they were gone, she called to me to come forth from my chamber. Her tone was hard, and her features were changed. 'Woe to thee, unlucky one,' she cried ; ''tis well for thee that thou art under my protection ! The pursuers are gone. Him thou hast slain was my son ! What fate was it that made thee seek my hospitality ? Go now, go in peace, but never let me see thy countenance again !' I fell at her feet and thanked her, but she only motioned to me to leave her, and I went forth into the night, saddened at the mother's grief and wondering at the magnanimity which had re-

strained her from delivering up the slayer of her son, even though she had claimed her hospitality. Nevertheless, my case was a parlous one. Whither should I go? I dared not return to my village, or even pass through places that were peopled, nor could I hide in the mountains, for there I should starve. There was nothing for it but to throw myself upon the hospitality of the Bedouin who were beyond the power of the Governor of Damascus. I made my way, therefore, towards the desert, hiding by day and only travelling by night, my sustenance being the fruit I could steal, and even that failed me as soon as I got away from the watered lands. Then I travelled more boldly in the day-time and was able to buy goat's milk from the goat-herds whom I came across, until after the third day I came upon the black tents of the Arabs, and going up to the Sheikh I claimed the hospitality due to a stranger. I was soon, however, given to understand that I was a prisoner. My fine clothes were demanded from me, and shabby old ones were given me in their stead, my money was taken, and, by an unlucky accident, my sex was discovered by which my fate was sealed. When the tribe moved southwards I was sent to a slave dealer who did business at Jaffa, where I was

embarked for Constantinople, but the Moorish pirates, who cared little whether they robbed friend or foe, Turk or Christian, seized our vessel, and I was chosen by our present master as part of his share of the plunder.

Having finished her story, Umeimeh urged upon me that it was no longer safe to remain. I begged her, however, that she would vouchsafe to me a minute or two more in order that we might think of some means of escape together: for indeed at the first moment that I had set eyes on her, I had seen how valuable an aid she might prove to me. The danger of our meeting was too great to venture on often, and now that we were together it was better to take the risk of a longer stay than the greater risk of another meeting. As for the punishment were we caught! the thought alone was too horrible to be pursued. After several plans, which, alas! we found to be too dangerous or altogether impossible to effect, she spoke as follows: 'Know, oh, my Rustem, that it is the custom of the Dey after the evening meal to sit awhile with some of his women, who relate stories, or discourse music, or recite poetry while he carouses. Now I have thought of a plan to gain his seal ring from him, which, *Inshallah*, I shall put into

effect on the night that he returns from the hunt. If I am successful, I will hang a white handkerchief from the bush, and when you see it you will come and bring me across the river. If, however, it is written that I shall fail, you will never hear of me again.' Upon this I kissed her hand, and with a heavy heart hid again in the bush while my would-be deliverer called her slave and departed. Then I slipped back in the way I had come, and by the mercy of God, was perceived by nobody. On the following evening the Dey returned from hunting, and as the shades of dusk fell and the slaves retired to their quarters, I watched with fear and trembling for the sign which should warn me of perils to be encountered or of the death of Umeimeh. The sickening tortures which I should suffer were I discovered weighed nothing in the balance with the hope of freedom that danced before my eyes, and I even ventured to address the head Syce, warning him that two of the swiftest horses were to be ready to execute the commands of his lord. How slow the moments dragged along! How my heart palpitated with fears and hopes! What could I say as to the order for the horses if I failed to obtain the seal ring of the Dey? What means would Umeimeh

adopt to get the ring? Even if she won it, would she escape the vigilance of the guardians of the hareem? And if she did, might not the Dey himself discover how he had been robbed—and then!—Oh, merciful Providence! It is easy for me to sit here in my cabinet writing the account of that eventful night, and for thee, O reader, to read what I have written, but neither can I indite nor thou comprehend the torture of that time or the awful consequences that the slightest accident might have caused. At length, and perhaps hardly to my relief, so highly strung were my nerves, I saw the signal displayed. I slipped into the water, and had scarcely gained the opposite bank when I found Umeimeh awaiting me. 'Fly,' she cried; 'I have the ring, but we have but a few hours before all will be known and we pursued!' Then I carried her across, and when we had landed I perceived that she was in the garb of one of the Dey's guard, and had also brought a like dress for me. When I had put it on, we glided through the trees to the head of the pass and, going up to the guard, showed him the ring, enjoined silence, and asked for the horses on service of the Dey. No one dared speak a word; the horses were brought, and silently mounting, we dashed off downwards towards the coast.

It was early night and we met no one, for even after we had passed in our headlong career the wilds of the mountain, the people of the villages through which we travelled were all asleep. As dawn began to break the need of rest and food pressed upon us; and happening to light upon a cavern a little to one side of the road, we thought it as well to withdraw therein. For although we had the seal ring of the Dey with us, and were safe until our flight should be brought to his notice, yet it was as well to leave as little trace behind us of the direction and the manner of our flight as possible. Having tethered our horses, we opened the saddle-bags which I had been careful to provide, and took our breakfast; and since it was necessary to give our horses an hour or two's rest, I desired Umeimeh to give me the relation of her adventure in obtaining the ring, which she did as follows.

'You must know,' said she, 'that it is customary for his majesty the Dey to take his supper in the company of his favourite wife, surrounded by all the luxury that the circumstances of such an expedition as his present one can afford. Last evening he summoned his favourite as usual, one Detma, whom I had bribed to feign that she was ill, for it was necessary to my plan

that I should be called. Accordingly I attended him in his spacious dining tent which was lit up with a thousand lights, and in one corner was a band of women discoursing sweet music on the Kemengeh, 'Ood, Ney, and Kanoon, while slaves handed the dishes, and when we had eaten our fill, placed the dried fruits before us and filled our cups. The Dey had had a successful hunt and his heart was dilated; he drained his cup in pledging me, and then said: "Oh, Umeimeh, call forth the most skilled among my slaves that she may divert us with her lute." Upon this I ordered them to call Helwa, a beautiful girl, who brought with her in a silken bag her lute, all inlaid with ivory and ebony and sandalwood, and, after an obeisance to the Dey, she seated herself and said: "Oh, my lord, what will it please you that I sing? Something of the chase, or of war, or of love?" Thereupon the Dey laughed, and replied: "Oh, sweet one of many songs, sing me something of love, for women delight not in the chase or in war." Then, after a prelude, she sang as follows:

Come, come away!
My love, see how the moon on high
Doth light our path; fly with me, fly!
To where my tents and people lie;
Sweet love, away!

Nay, nay, oh, stay !
Alas ! I dare not go, I fear
To leave my home : oh, stay, love, here !
Bid me not leave all I hold dear !
Must we needs go ?

Yea, even so.
Oh, let not fear true love dissever !
Thou lovest, we are one for ever.
Then trust me, love, come with me, never
Again to part.

Be still, my heart !
My heart doth hold me on the rack,
It bids me go, yet holds me back,
To follow thee, and stay, alack !
Which shall I do ?

To love be true !
Love asketh not where it shall go,
It hath no thought for fabled woe ;
There is but one thing love doth know :
How to be true !

'The Dey was delighted with the song, and ordered the girl's mouth to be filled with sweetmeats. Then other slaves sang some more songs until he was satisfied, and after the servants had brought more wine, he bade everyone retire. For a while he sat drinking and conversing with me, so that the wine dilated his bosom, and taking up a cup, he put it to his lips and then gave it to me, and I drank it. Then I filled another cup and putting into it a lozenge of bhang, enough if an elephant were to take it to make it drop down senseless, I put the cup to my lips, and pledging

him, said: "Oh, my lord, drink this, and gladden the heart of thy slave." Whereupon he took it from me and drank, and scarcely had the wine reached his stomach when he fell back senseless and without motion. Then I placed him upon his bed and drew the ring from his finger, and, donning the dress of his guard, I lifted up a corner of the tent and passed out, scarcely believing in my escape, and, by the mercy of Allah, I met no one that knew my face. The rest you know: I displayed my signal, and you saw it and conveyed me across the stream.'

We now thought it better to press on, as our horses were rested, and in these parts there were no villages or inhabitants to see us go by. Leaving the beaten track, we journeyed on until we again neared a village, which we dared not pass in the daylight for fear lest those who were doubtlessly already in pursuit of us might chance to come that way and gain tidings of the direction in which we had gone. We therefore turned aside into a wood that lay not far off, and, tethering our horses, slept for a while. When it was become dusk, we rode forward to the port of Cherchel which was not far off, and, turning neither to the right nor the left, we went straight to one of the Dey's vessels that

lay in the harbour there ready for sailing. I called the captain aside, saying that I had somewhat of moment to communicate to him, and, going down into the cabin together, when we were alone, I showed him the Dey's seal ring, and informed him that I was on a particular mission, and that he was to set sail at once The captain was greatly surprised, and, after a moment's thought, he whispered to me, asking me if I had any news of the two runaway slaves? Concealing my perturbation, I put my finger on my lips and bade him loose sail at once. In a few minutes all was hurry on board, the sailors running to and fro, and within a short time we were drawing fast through the water. I felt tolerably safe, for it was plain that he did not suspect us, and that, though our escape was known, yet the Dey had thought fit to conceal the loss of his seal ring, which otherwise might have been a great danger to me. But still it was better to learn all that the captain knew, and therefore when we were well clear from the land I again called him down into his cabin and made a show of taking him into my confidence, saying that I was commissioned by the Dey to pursue the fugitives of whose departure for France I had had knowledge, and asking him how far the

news was known? For that I feared that they might have heard and so have been put upon their guard. 'I only know,' he replied, "that a few hours ago a courier arrived here who informed the Governor of the escape of a Christian slave together with a woman from the royal seraglio. It was thought that they could not get far and would soon be starved out from their hiding place.' I nodded once or twice at these words, and then shaking my head said: 'Yea, but they are away already. This accursed Christian had planned his escape well; they are now in an open boat making their way to Italy. But I and my young brother know them well, and, *Inshallah*, we shall overtake them before they are able to reach land.' The wind held good, and we sailed fast in the direction that I had ordered the captain to take, that is to say, towards the town of Massiglia belonging to the kingdom of France, nor did this excite his fears although it was further than they usually ventured, for it was in that direction, as I informed him, that the fugitives intended to go. Nevertheless I was in doubt as to the wisdom of what I had ordered, for if we sailed near into the port that I had named, and did not find the fugitives, which, indeed, was not to be expected,

seeing that we ourselves were they, I could hardly prevent the captain from turning back to Cherchel. While debating this point in my mind, I nevertheless felt confident of success, for we were not suspected, and even if the sex of Umeimeh were discovered, I could explain that she was my wife whom I did not wish to appear to carry with me, for I had so thoroughly imbued him with the idea that the fugitives were in an open boat that I felt he could never suspect us to be the runaway slaves of whom he had been informed.

We had been sailing about twelve hours when the captain began to get anxious about the appearance of the weather and ordered all possible sail to be taken in. The clouds grew lead-coloured to windward, the breeze dropped to nothing, there was a deathly brooding silence, and the air seemed heavy and sultry. Even the gulls and other sea-birds that had been following us seemed now unable to support the weight of their bodies in the drowsy air and rested floating on the waves. Then came a gentle sigh, which presently grew into a hiss, the idle canvas that still remained spread began to flap, and in an instant after, with a shriek and a yell as of thousands of infuriated demons,

the blast was upon us. Nothing could withstand it. In a moment our vessel heeled over and lay on its beam ends unable to right itself for the pressure of the wind, the waves freshened and grew from molehills into mountains, then sinking into abysses they threatened every moment to engulf us in their cavernous depths. The whole crew were struck with a panic, as well they might be, for even I gave myself up for lost: some wept, some beat their breasts, others shouted, urging that this or that should be done, while others again stood as though they were turned into stone. As the vessel slowly righted again after the first pressure of the rushing hurricane had passed over, her bare masts, from which all vestige of sail had been torn, kept her scudding before the breeze, now riding high on a mountain of water, and the next minute sinking deep before the advancing waves that seemed to chase us with fiendish joy in order that they might curl over and engulf us in their horrid depths; the wind all the while hurtling, skirling, whistling, and shrieking over us, so that no order of the captain could have been heard even if it could have been obeyed. No man durst leave hold of the grip he had of any saving object lest he should instantly have been swept over-

board, as indeed many of the weaker were. Thus we raced on, expecting destruction every instant, ignorant where we were, whither we were going, or what might be our fate. It was not night, though it was as dark as night, yet without the heavenly lanterns with which Nature is wont to comfort the lonely hours of the mariner. Only frightful flashes of lightning now and again illumined the seething masses of water around us and enabled us to see more clearly the danger in which we stood, followed by rolls of thunder that made even the most fearless among us fearful, even myself. On a sudden the heavens seemed to open above us, a ball of fire descended upon our devoted vessel, and in a moment she was demolished and I found myself floating in the waves. I struck out with desperation, for I was a good swimmer, but I well knew that I had but a few minutes to live—buffeted as I was by the waves and choked by the blinding spindrift, no man be he ever so strong could hold out, when luckily I came upon a coffer floating by me upon which I got astride and bound myself to it by my waist-band. Soon after a sailor who had by some means kept himself afloat seized hold of it, but I knew that it could not support us both, and with my remaining

strength I threw him off and saw him sink with a sob beneath the boiling waters. By this time the chief force of the hurricane seemed to have spent itself, and though the water was still rough, it grew comparatively quiet. The dawn came, and then the sun rose. I looked around as best I could, but I saw nought but the wild waste of waters. Then I was lifted up on the crest of a wave, when to my delight I perceived not far off a rocky coast. I paddled with legs and arms in that direction as fast as my enfeebled strength would allow me, but I seemed to get no nearer and at last my remaining strength gave out. I could do no more but lay prone upon my coffer until at length my senses failed me and I grew unconscious.

When I came to myself again, I found that I lay stretched on the sand in a little cove between the rocks, the hot sun was baking down upon me, and an old woman was by my side chafing my hands. As soon as I opened my eyes she thanked God in a sort of Italian tongue, and helping me to rise, assisted me into her cottage which was situated close by. For some days I remained so weak that I scarce was able to move, but the old woman attended to all my wants, and I, being strong by nature, soon recovered. When she perceived that

I was out of danger of death she clapped her hands and laughed and showed every sign of joy, which somewhat disgusted me, for why should she show so much joy for the recovery of one whom she had never seen before, and who was neither her son nor any relation, as little to her as she was to me? Then she knelt down before an image of the Virgin which hung on the wall, and before which burned a small oil lamp, and in her idolatrous way gave thanks for my recovery. I felt moved to break the image and to cast it down, but abstained because I thought that it behoved me to show my magnanimity before the poor ignorant creature who knew no better. After another day, when I could get about, she asked me whether I had not better put on other garments, seeing that mine were Turkish, and that were I seen in them I might be brought to the galleys. I told her that I had no others, but she said that my chest had been brought on shore with me, and, belike, I had other garments therein.

I had forgotten the chest, and tried to open it, but finding that it was locked, I told her that I had lost the key, and taking a large stone, I broke it open. At the top were a few rags of clothing, but lifting these up I was astonished to find that it was full of bags of gold pieces and jewels,

a very fortune that no doubt had belonged to the captain of the wrecked vessel. I hastily closed the trunk again, and said that I grieved to find that all my Christian garments had been stolen; whereupon she gave me a new suit, which, she told me, had belonged to a son of hers who was lost at sea, whether drowned or captured by pirates she had never heard: nor did she ask me any more questions, since she knew not that I had been a slave, but believed the story I had told her of my having come from Malta. I say, she gave the suit of clothes, which became me very well, and told me that there was a ship now in the harbour ready for sailing to Massiglia. I thanked her, and bade her get me a passage, which she did, coming back with two seamen to carry my chest. She did not expect any recompense for her care of me, but I would not part without bestowing upon her my old clothes together with those which I found in the chest, which, indeed, were no use to me, and then, bidding her farewell, I accompanied the two men to their vessel.

The finding of so much of value in the chest was some recompense to me for the loss of my merchandise by the pirates of Algiers. Indeed, one bag of jewels alone would have more than made up for that.

This proves how the heavens protect those who trust in the true faith, and though they may be cast down and grievously tried for a time, yet, if they withstand temptation as I have done, and prove steadfast, their losses shall be returned to them tenfold. The vessel I now embarked in I found to be the Tonnerre, whose master was named Jean le Houx, a worthy man, who asked no questions and received me readily enough. In a few hours he had loosed sail, and we were gliding under a fair breeze for our port.

As I lay in my cabin, I could not forbear to think of all that I had gone through and of my lucky escape, for which I had to thank my boldness and readiness of resource. I thought of my former attempt and of the fate of Reyya, and how this my last and successful attempt had also proved fatal to Umemieh. I had not a doubt that she had perished in the wreck, though I had not seen her body among those that had been washed ashore; but this mattered little, since being an infidel, Christian burial would have availed her nothing. Though I pitied her sudden fate, for being a man of feeling I cannot resist such tender recollections, yet it was, perhaps, better for her as it was, for what could have become of her?

Dismissing these thoughts from my mind, I went on deck and saw that we were at that moment entering the port of Massiglia. At length I was safe, I had entered a Christian country. Though it was but French, at least there was no longer any danger of slavery, and I observed with joy the port filled with galleys in every one of which was a crowd of slaves, the greater number of which were the false followers of Mahomet, mixed with a few of the sweepings of the jails of Europe.

Taking leave of the captain, whom I thanked for his courtesy in giving me a passage, I went on shore, and then bethought me what I should do. To acknowledge myself destitute was to court imprisonment, for the French will not suffer vagrants, as we do, or sturdy beggars to stroll about the country. To be sure I could have taken service with Monsieur le Houx, but I had had enough of the risks of a seafaring life, and I could not bear the thought, after all my sufferings with the Moors, that I might run the chance of being captured again. M. le Houx, who asked me what I meant to do, on being informed that I intended to make my way to England across France, gave me a letter to one Jacques Vaillant who had married his sister, together with a few pieces of money

that I would not refuse lest I should thereby betray my riches. Riches did I say? I dared not be rich, for were I to endeavour to sell any of the jewels that I possessed I feared that it might be thought that I had come by them in no honest way, and any excuse would be taken to deprive me of all that I had. Therefore, carefully disposing as much as I was able about my body, and the rest in a pack upon my back, I departed on foot for Avignon. Beneath the ancient walls of that town I arrived in due course without adventure of any moment, save such as was occasioned by my anxiety for the safety of the treasure that I carried with me, an anxiety that made me to see in every wayfarer a possible thief, and to pass every wood and rocky place in fear. Once arrived at Avignon, I betook myself to a hostelry hard by the palace of the Bishops of Rome, where I gave out that I was well to do and that my baggage would shortly follow after me. Then I inquired for a goldsmith of credit with whom I changed some of my gold, and so, furnishing myself with a good equipage and new clothes, I cut a very different figure than I had hitherto done. Henceforward I travelled in safety with other merchants of repute through Valence to Lyons, and so onward to Macon

and Dijon, where I did not deliver the captain's letter, lest questions inconvenient to answer might be asked.

I will not here set down what else befell me in the remainder of my journey through Chatillon to Troyes and Paris, whence I descended the river Seine to Havre, though much passed that might be entertaining to relate and pleasant to hear. Suffice to say that I hurried on, eager for but two things, the one to keep my riches safe, and the other to see my beloved country once more. At Havre I found a paquet boat in which I embarked, to arrive safely after all these years of misery and exile in Portsmouth.

Ah! how can I describe to those who have never felt what it is to be divorced from their country and held for long years in bondage and tribulation, what joy I felt in once more landing a free man in my native land! Like the Conqueror, I longed to fall down and embrace the very soil, but it had rained recently and the soil was deep in mire. Or how can I describe to you the longing that seized me once again to embrace my wife and child. How vividly returned to me the old scene of our last parting: my wife's tears and the carelessness of my boy, who now must have grown, if he was still living, to be a

sturdy knave! If he still lived? What if my wife and all that I loved were dead? Or if, with the inconstancy of women, she were married again? I was in a fever of excitement, and, mounting my horse, I departed for London as quick as might be, though I took good care, for the sake of the valuables that I had about me, to travel always in good company, which did not always travel as fast as the heat of my passion would have had them. I thus arrived in London safely, without having encountered any footpads, and put up at a hostelry from which I could make my inquiries while I myself still remained unknown. It was a Saturday night when I arrived, and the following morning I waited outside the church that we had been wont to attend; for I had heard that Mistress Dudgeon still lived in the house in which I had left her, being now a reputed widow, although she was said still to cling to the belief that I lived. She was much persecuted by would-be suitors and blamed by all the gossips of the neighbourhood for wasting her youth in widowhood. I say, I watched at the church door, and saw many that I had known in former years pass by. There was Master Carroll, as pompous as ever, with his small meek wife; and Master Raynbowe, followed by a troop of children.

Then came Master Bedingfield, with Mistress Bedingfield bearing the prayer-book, and grown monstrous stout and fearsome. Presently I saw my wife, leading her boy by the hand. How young she still looked, and how the men hung about her; but even I, jealous as I was, had no fault to find with the way in which she treated them. She did not even smile a greeting to her numerous admirers, but quietly took her accustomed place in church, and I slunk in after her. I observed her closely when the prayers of the congregation were asked for those who were in peril at sea or in slavery in Barbary, and could see how the tears ran down her cheeks and her whole frame was convulsed with sobs, how her arm stole round our boy, and she drew him closer towards her. At this sight I could scarce restrain my own tears, so tender is my nature, and had much ado to refrain from crying out then and there that I had come back to my own mouse. But I did refrain, and I let her get back to her own lodgings before I made myself known to her. What a scene there was! How she clung to me and sobbed upon my breast, and then thrusting me back the better to view me, nevertheless failed to see me for the tears that blinded her eyes. How she

held up our boy before me, who seemed frighted, and whom I could have found it in me to whip for a fool. But, thank God, after a time she recovered her senses, though she could not yet part from my hand which she continued to hold within her own.

When she began to be able to think of somewhat else beyond her present happiness, she besought me to tell her of my sufferings, the which I related to her little by little, for the recital, like my suffering, was long. She wept all through, the which I forgave her, for the narrative as I related it was indeed moving, the more where I described to her how my thoughts in all my captivity were constantly with her, and how for her sake, and notwithstanding all my misery and suffering, I refused to yield to the temptation to turn renegade. I told her how I had been offered freedom, wealth, and marriage with the king's daughter (for, indeed, I believe that the king would have given me his daughter) and she could not find words to express her joy and pride in my steadfastness. Then I showed her the riches I had gotten, which she somewhat misdoubted at first, and would have it that I ought to send it back, fearing that the king had presented it to me as a dowry

with his daughter; but I assured her that it was washed up by the sea for our reward, and presently she became satisfied.

What more is there to relate? I was now even richer than when I left my country, my appetite for adventure was more than satiated by the years that I had passed in slavery, and I resolved thence-forward never again to tempt fortune, but to pass in enjoyment and in quiet at home the remainder of such days as it might please my God to grant me.

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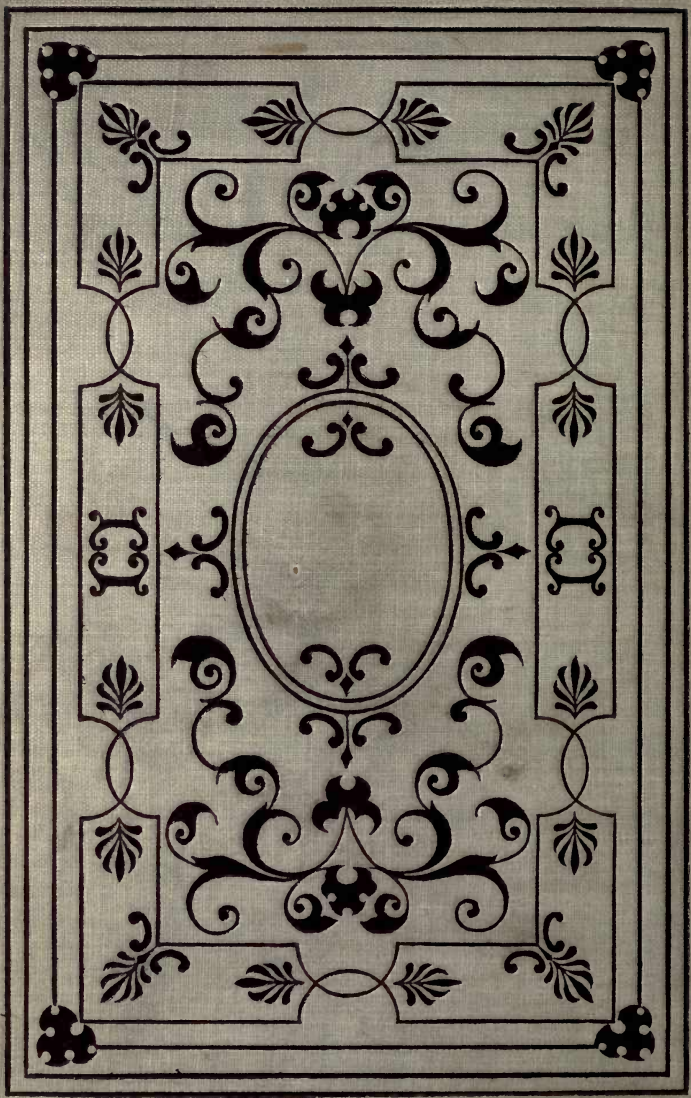
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